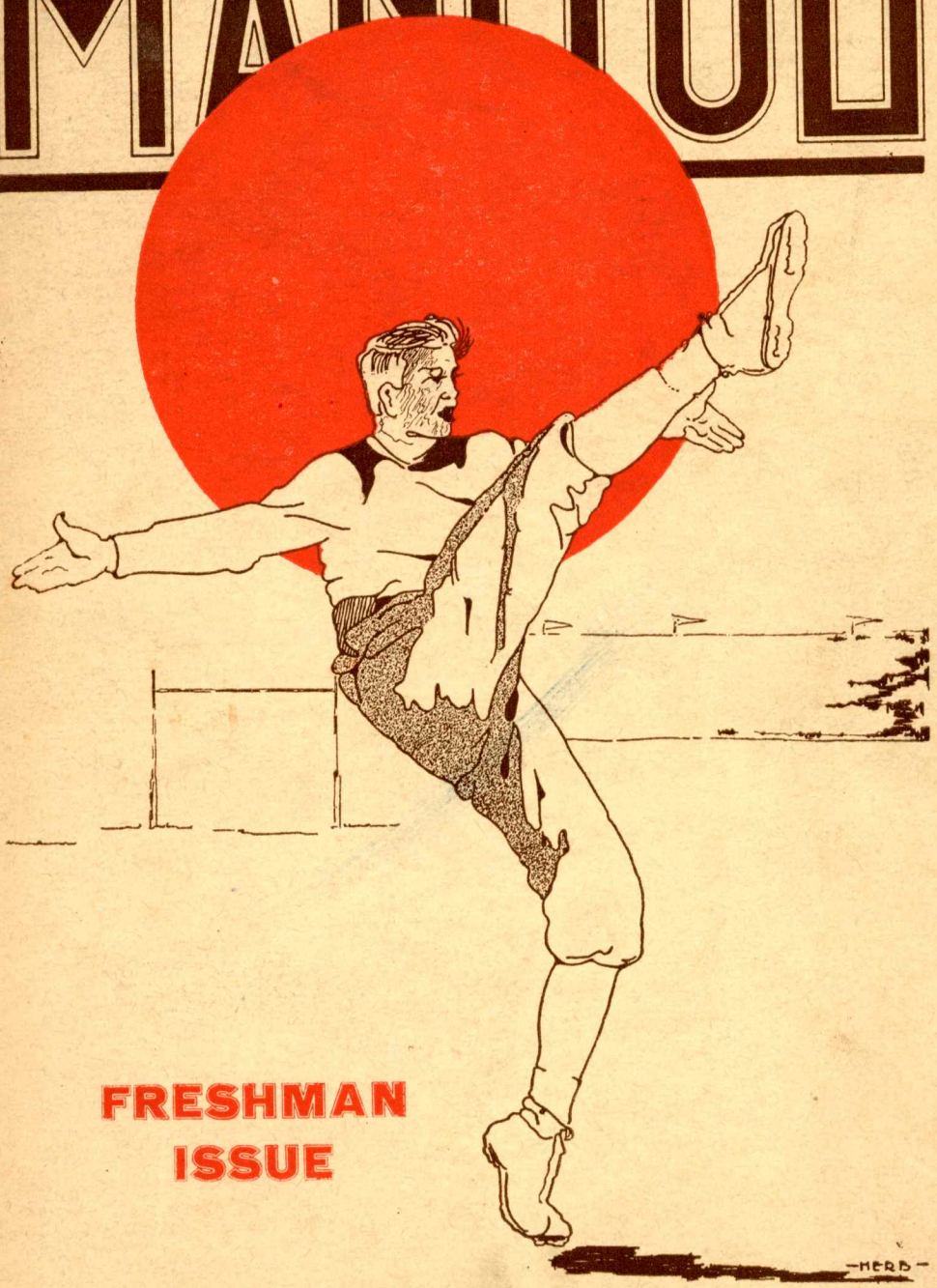
October 1
Dorothy Leamon
Sophomore

MANITOU



FRESHMAN ISSUE

The Manitou

PUBLISHED
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STUDENTS
of
Lincoln High School

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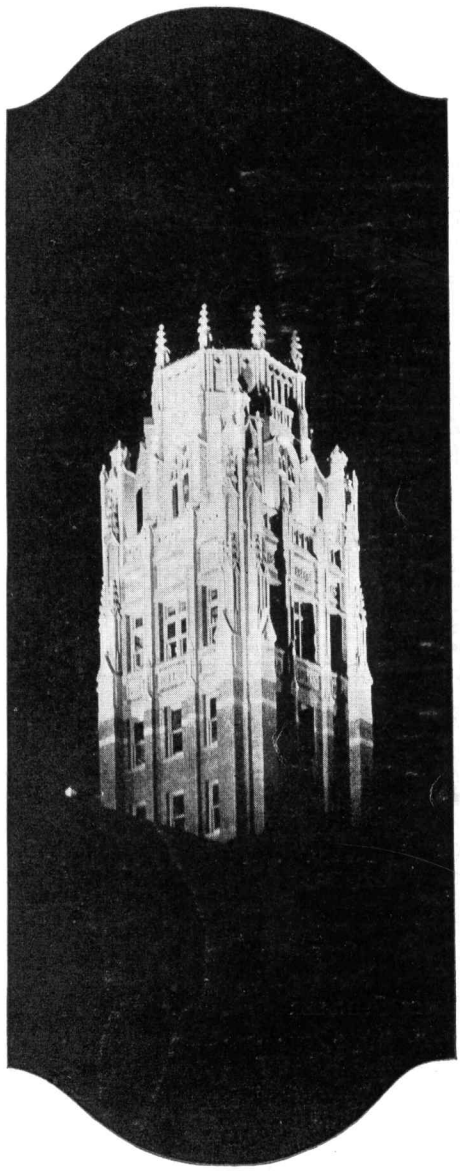

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Welcome to the Freshmen

Helene Brandt '28

Here's to the freshies, best class in school,
Beginning of knowledge, knowledge the tool
Entering high school with all of its glamour
Joining the quest, for knowledge you clamor.

Next year—sophomores—wise fools, they say;
Juniors, then seniors, then going away.
Behind you the high school—before you is life,
Perhaps one of gladness, sorrow, or strife.

But what matters the future when you're freshies gay?
No care for tomorrow—just gladness today.
A wonderful life for a wonderful class
And we welcome all freshies, each lad and each lass.

MANITOU

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME 17 OCTOBER 29 NUMBER 1

Loyalty

"Loyalty," an age-old subject, but ever new!

Just what does the phrase mean? Have you ever stopped to really think about it? Foremost in your thoughts, probably, comes the idea of supporting the football, basketball, tennis, hockey, and track teams by turning out en masse for the games and track meets and cheering for all you're worth. There's an example of loyalty!

Here's another: Good attendance at the intellectual contests and entertainments, like band concerts, declamatory and oratorical contests, and debates.

Here are some of a different order: Conscientious studying, respect for the faculty, and harmony among the students. To the average student, however, this last variety of loyalty is rather remote, obscure, so we shall not bother much about it.

Finally, we must consider the students' own publication. Could the active support of the magazine be classed under loyalty? It could, couldn't it? And why not?

We certainly must give credit to the Manitou adviser, for she has spared neither time nor energy in her efforts to please the subscribers of YOUR magazine. The least that we do to show our appreciation of her devoted efforts, is to give our whole-hearted support to the magazine in all ways, but chiefly by a 100 per cent. subscription, for what would old Lincoln be without the "Manitou"? Wouldn't our prized and petted loyalty be just a wee bit flat without it?

Unsung Heroes

There are certain people in school who, though they try everything, and work hard, never get anywhere.

They go out for football, but do not make the team. The ones that do, are the ones who are talked about, and cheered, and honored. They have the same experience with basketball and track meet. They try hard, perhaps harder than the boys who make the team, but they never get there.

Then, when oratory and declamatory work are the goals, these people go out and work and orate, but it is only the winner, who gets the honors. I think these people deserve some praise for their effort, don't you?

The Use of Time

There is one thing that each one of us must learn, and that is to make use of every single minute.

By this it is not meant that every moment must be used in some manual labor. Rather, it is meant that spare moments be used in some helpful recreation. For instance, reading, outdoor exercise, the study of Nature, are all recreations. They are all helpful, and in doing any of these you are using your spare moments to the very best advantage.

In school some students have the mistaken idea that they are doing their work not

for themselves, but for the teachers, and consequently every spare minute is spent in idleness or mischief.

The result is that they hurt, not the teachers, but themselves.

It is of extreme importance that freshmen, entering high school be impressed with the fact that to waste time is a poor policy if the high school career is to be a successful one.

Freshmen and Tradition

Why do they all pick on the freshies? Simply because it has long been the traditionary thing to do so. Even though we all were freshies once, we all like to tease them. We seem to forget that only a year before, in their own schools, these same freshies were looked upon in awe by the lower grades.

It is a great come-down for freshies to resign their places as the highest grade in their former school, and become the high school infants. Why tease them about it?

Courtesy

Courtesy! To some the word does not mean much. How often we find people who, after having had a favor done for them, forget the two simple words, "Thank you."

Yes, and sorry to say, there are students at Lincoln high school who have need of polishing up on the subject. A bystander in the halls at morning or at noon cannot fail to notice a lack of courtesy among the students. He may see some boy or girl come rushing up the hall, bump into some one else and keep on going without excusing himself. Some boys who delight in knocking books out of others arms, perhaps never stop to think that the books are school property and that a fall to the floor may damage them. All these are acts that brand us as being rude and discourteous.

Now, courtesy is a virtue that can be developed and with a little conscientious care and practice we can add to our reputation by being courteous at all times.

Interesting Books

People's opinions on the different authors or different books vary greatly. Some people think there is no writer like Zane Grey while other people are just the opposite and think there is nothing like Dickens' works.

Any one who wants a blood and thunder book should read books like the "Three Musketeers", "Captain Blood" or almost any book by Raphael Sabatini. Or, if they like exciting, blood curdling, mystery stories they should read Mary Roberts Rinehart's books, such as the "Circular Staircase", or the "Indian Drum" by Mac Harg.

For people who like stories that are neither exciting nor dull, but still have enough "spashes" to hold their interest, Grace Livingstone Hill Lutz's books are good, for instance, "The Enchanted Barn", or "Dawn of the Morning".

Boys and men are usually interested in western or northern stories. A few examples of these are Zane Grey's books, "The Border Legion", "Wild-fire", "The Mysterious Rider", or "Riders of the Purple Sage". A few good northern stories are, "The Courage of the Royal Mounted", or "Steele of the Royal Mounted", which are quite exciting in some parts as they deal with escapes of certain people from men or animals.

If you are undecided on what kind of a book to read, there are the lists in the libraries under separate headings that will help you.

The Professor's Hat

Lucile Gerl '28

Jack Grey was an athlete, and had the desire that all college athletes have,—to be on the 'varsity football team. After weeks of strenuous practice he got on, and, in his letter to his mother, he was very happy. He thought by day and dreamed by night of making a name for himself and for his school.

On his way to class one morning he was confronted on the campus by his dearest and best friend, Jim Delmer.

"Going to the 'varsity banquet to-night, old pal?" asked Jim.

"Going!" responded Jack. "You can just bet I'm going, to-night and any other night there's anything going on."

But that night Jack was not seen at the banquet. Jim was very much disturbed at his absence, but made no comment.

When the evening was at its height, the door to the banquet-hall opened, and in walked two officers of the law.

"I shall be very blunt," said the sergeant "There has been a man murdered somewhere near here, and we're canvassing the town for a clue. We want you,—addressing the toastmaster,—to take the roll of all the people who are supposed to be here to-night. We'll tend to the rest."

Everyone was present except Jack. Where was he?

The news came as a shock to his mother and sister, and although they made every effort, they could find no trace of Jack.

* * * *

Four years passed, Constance, Jack's sister, never fully recovered from the shock of Jack's disappearance. Her nerves were very weak, and consequently, she set out, one day to see a distant doctor, who she believed could cure her.

While in his office, she overheard two assistant doctors talking. One was a man of about fifty years, but the other was no more than twenty-four.

"Those were the never-to-be-forgotten days," said the younger, "but I was only a sub then."

"But to be even a sub on the U's team is an honor!" exclaimed the old doctor loyally.

Constance started. "U's team; only a sub; then,—what could all this mean? Could it be possible that he belonged to the class of '18, Jack's class?"

She could restrain herself no longer. She must speak. She had always wanted to talk to someone who could tell her about Jack. She had fairly devoured every bit of news about him that she could find.

"Doctor!" The word came from between white lips, as she turned to the young physician. "Doctor! Please excuse my impertinence, but I must ask you. Do you belong to the class of '18? Do you know anything about Jack Grey?"

It was the young doctor's turn to be surprised. He looked at her intently for a moment; then he said slowly, "You are Constance Grey?"

She assented. The doctor seemed in a daze. When he was able to shake off his surprise, he spoke:

"Please come into this room, Miss Grey. There are a great many things that I want to say to you."

When she was comfortably seated, he began:

"I am going to begin from the beginning, and tell you all. Please do not interrupt until I've finished. I am Jim Delmer.

"First of all, Jack is alive and well, and would be happy, only he is worrying about you and your mother; and now, let me explain the murder.

"You will understand that all athletes, or fellows in training, must observe certain rules, among which is the requirement to walk a certain distance daily. Jack was out for his walk on this particularly windy day, and was walking directly behind an old college professor.

"Suddenly, the wind seized the professor's hat, and blew it across the street. Immediately, Jack followed the hat. The faster Jack went, the faster and the farther the wind blew the hat. Finally it went into an alley. Jack followed. To his amazement, he saw a tramp seize the hat and run. Jack was on him in an instant, and demanded the hat. The man refused to give up, but drew a vicious looking knife from his belt. Jack, being the stronger of the two, easily wrested the knife away from him, and in doing so, slightly cut the man's hand.

"The man made no sound of pain. He only looked at Jack darkly and said, "You'll pay dearly for this." Then he slunk away.

"Jack returned the hat to the professor and finally discovered. after he had gone a short distance, that he was still carrying the knife, so, at the next corner, he threw it into a garbage can.

"Just as Jack was dressing for the banquet that evening, his room-mate dashed in with an excited. "There's just been a man murdered at the corner of Ninth, and—, and they suspect one of the students. They've got finger prints from a knife that they found in a garbage can near by."

"Jack tried hard to conceal his emotions, but his room-mate later reported that he had been very quiet all the rest of the evening, but that he had left, apparently for the banquet.

"Jack walked miles, until he came to a railway station. He walked far enough to escape detection through a nearer station. To further safeguard himself, he got off at a large city, other than the one he had bought his ticket for.

"About a week after he had disappeared, the officials, upon further investigation, found a letter, which read something like this, "Unless you have the money ready by the 16th, remember—." You will recall that the murder occurred on the 16th. Later, the detectives found the murderer, who confessed his crime. That, however, does not concern us, only in so far that it proved Jack's innocence.

"The president of the U tried to get in touch with you at once to explain, but you had changed your place of dwelling, and had left no address. I, too, have been trying for years to find you, and now I have been successful.

"Jack and I have been corresponding these four years, and I'm going right out now to telegraph to him."

* * *

Two weeks later, the little group gathered around the hotel table consisted of Mrs. Grey, Jack, Jim, and Jim's fiancee, Constance.

It was Jack who broke the silence by saying, "Well, folks, I never have had, nor never again expect to have so much to be thankful for."

To which they all agreed.

When Fairy Dreams Come True

Wilma Seibel '28

Once upon a time there was a little freshman who didn't want to take the "Manitou". Oh no, he didn't have to if he didn't want to!

One night he dreamed a dream.

He was in fairyland where freshmen love to wander. He saw Lincoln high school as plainly as day. He was going to school, but he was very tired. While he was in the classroom, a little brown fairy came in to take subscriptions for the "Manitou". The little freshman was bewildered; he didn't think that in fairyland one had to subscribe for an old magazine. So he said, "No!" But all of a sudden he saw something rise out of the little brownie. He recognized it as Manitou, the Indian Spirit. The spirit told him that the magazine was the spirit of the school, and that everyone ought to subscribe. The freshman was stubborn, but finally was won over by the Spirit's speech. Waving his hands frantically he beckoned to the Spirit telling him that he would subscribe.

But when the Spirit came toward him the freshman awoke and found himself sitting upright in bed.

Needless to say, the next day saw another freshman subscribe for the "Manitou". Why aren't fairy dreams true so that it might happen oftener?

Black Magic

Mary Sheridan '27

In the seventeenth century, when people fought duels and believed in witch-craft, there was a New England village where everyone knew everyone else.

The leading citizens, Thomas Taylor and John Tarbery, were bitter enemies. The reason for their hatred was vague. They, themselves, hardly knew what caused it, but it existed. Even their children were taught to hate their father's enemy.

At death, Tarbery left an immense fortune to his only son, Henry. His only other relative, a brother, George Tarbery, was wealthy and, therefore, did not receive much. Henry lived in luxury and grew famous as a musician.

When Taylor died he, too, left a large fortune to his children, Anthony and baby, Sally. His niece, Joan, was also remembered, and she became the devoted playmate and friend of Sally.

Anthony studied law, and, by the time Sally was eighteen, had become a judge. He meted out many a harsh sentence, but his integrity as a judge was never doubted.

The two girls, Sally and Joan, however, never could agree with the judge in regard to the sentencing and burning of witches. They did not believe in witches in the first place, and especially that a man or woman because of being old or helpless, could be a witch.

One evening the judge came home unusually elated.

"Tarbery's back," he told Joan. "He'll never fiddle again! They say his horse fell on him somehow and paralyzed his arm. He isn't quite right in his mind either, from the shock; mutters under his breath." He chuckled, "Oh, I'll fix him yet, the old Evil Eye. Ha! Ha!"

Sally and Joan looked sorrowfully at each other. "He's up to mischief," thought Sally. They soon found out that because Tarbery muttered to himself the people regarded him as one being possessed of evil spirits.

One morning Sally saw Mr. Tarbery. His form was wasted and bent; his face wore a dazed, wistful look, and one arm hung limp.

Anthony's wicked plan succeeded. A trial, and Tarbery was sentenced to hang for witchcraft the next day at sundown! He was placed under guard in a hut to await his doom.

Late that night Sally and Joan crept out, mantled to their eyes in black. Sally carried her black tom-cat beneath her fluttering cloak.

They soon arrived at the hut. Boldly, Sally went forward with the gait of a tottering old hag.

"Hey! old woman, who are you?" shouted the guard. Sally pointed her finger at him. Evidently the sight of the great cat confirmed his suspicions that she was a witch, for he edged away.

Her draperies fluttered as she stole toward him. Then she chanted in a slow hollow monotone, "Guard, you're dead; you're cold. Clammy hands to stop thy breath!" Her voice rose to a wail "Guard, you die tonight, dying, —dying—dying—." She pinched the cat's tail, and an unearthly yowl was the result. This was followed by another unearthly yowl from the guard, as he streaked down the street as if Satan himself were after him!

Immediately Joan ran up and helped Sally release the unfortunate man. Together they led him through the deserted streets

(Continued on Page 32)

To a Gull

John Reddin '30

Ah, kindly bird who soars,
Ah, brother of the sky,
Thou king of all who fly
O'er the sandy shores.

Thou of the Silvery Breast,
Would that I could fly like you,
Over the vast broad waters blue,
Soaring from East to West.

Ah, kindly bird who soars,
Would that I, like you, could rest,
On the waves white rolling crest,
And skim along the shores.

Aren't Dads Queer

Helene Brandt '28

"Oh, how I wish I could understand Dad" sighed LuDene Pendleton.

Anyone who knew what great pals LuDene and her father were, realized that something must have happened before LuDene could make that pathetic statement. And something had!

LuDene, packed with two of her friends in her Lincoln sport roadster, her father's gift of a few days before, had resolved to test its speed. When she had perceived a motorcycle cop following her, the situation had merely become more exciting. To LuDene, the fine which would be imposed for speeding would mean nothing at all. But it was the idea of being arrested that she disliked.

The officer had not yet had time to get her number, and, as he would have to pull up along the side of her car to arrest her, she had decided to at least give him a merry chase. Her foot had pressed harder on the gas, seventy, seventy-five, eighty miles an hour. Putting her high-powered car through many maneuvers and making several sharp turns, she had not only led him a speedy pace but had lost him in its course. She had thought the whole affair a huge joke and had told her father about it. He should have enjoyed that, but,—

"LuDene, you should never drive that fast. I can't risk losing my only child through some thoughtless prank which, at the time, she merely regards as amusing. No, dear, I'm sorry. but your allowance for next month shall be stopped. And you must promise me never to drive like that again."

Her allowance for next month stopped! Ordinarily, that would mean nothing, for she had charge accounts in all the stores, and her father expected her to use them. But next month! Why was that month so different?

Well, you see, LuDene had bet her next month's allowance on a horse that had lost. She had laughingly made that wager with a friend; and LuDene always paid her debts. She couldn't tell Dad about it because Dad despised a person who bet money on races. He'd perhaps understand; yet, she had resolved not to tell him about it. Now, how could she pay it?

The next few days, it was a very moody, unhappy LuDene who recklessly, yet skilfully guided her car through the traffic. Then, one night she was all smiles again; she had found a way to pay her debt.

She was a very talented young person, this LuDene. Her voice was silvery-sweet in tone; her nimble feet could perform the most intricate steps; her beauty and winning personality immediately delighted anyone who came in contact with her. And it was because of these assets that she came up smiling.

Monsieur D'Alroy, an intimate friend of the Pendleton family, owned a popular amusement hall in a city about sixty miles from that of the Pendleton home. He had long begged LuDene's father to allow her to sing and dance in his hall. Although it was a great honor,—only prominent stars being engaged as entertainers,—Mr. Pendleton refused to permit her to appear there professionally.

So Monsieur D'Alroy was her solution to the puzzle. She secretly agreed to appear each Friday night for the next four weeks, for which she was to receive the sum of $200, the equivalent of the allowance which her father had checked. The injunctions in the contract were many: she was to appear just those four times; she was to be masked; no one should know her identity, and Monsieur D'Alroy was not to reveal it under any circumstances. Her father should not, of course, be told anything of the agreement.

Her first appearance caused a flutter of excitement. People guessed at her identity, but no one knew who she was. She became known as the "Masked Lady of the Silvery Tones." The following Friday night the hall was filled to capacity. Every one was anxious to see and hear this wonderful lady. This time she danced an exotic gypsy dance which she had learned in her foreign travels. Then to her title some people added, "And the Fairy Feet." The third appearance was even more successful than the preceding two. Then came the fourth and final appearance.

LuDene was a picture fair to behold that

night. Her costume was an old-fashioned one. While she was singing a quaint, Southern melody, her father's favorite, she thought, "Dear Dad, what would he say if he saw me here? He would not fail to recognize me." She wondered if—What?—No, it couldn't be! Yes, it was her father, sitting at a table intently watching her. What could she tell him? Why were the people applauding? Oh, yes, she had finished. It was her last performance, but what did she care whether the people liked it? What would Dad say?

At last LuDene was home again, but it was some time before her father returned, and entered the room. By that time she had resolved to tell the whole story to him. She began with the story of her bet; then told of the realization of the necessity of getting money, and finally of her plan and its outcome.

Dad was the first to break the silence which followed, "I'm sorry about the bet, LuDene. If I had known, but, well, dear, I'm glad I've got a daughter who has pluck and can see her way out of difficulties."

A reminiscent look came into Dad's eyes. Perhaps he thought of a prank he had played in his youth. Who knows? And then, he just laughed.

Again, LuDene looked puzzled, and asked herself:

"Aren't Dads queer?"

A Trip to the Hawaiian Islands

Jean Joyce '27.

In carrying out a carefully planned vacation trip which was to be both entertaining and educational Miss Rudolph made a visit to the Hawaiian Islands. Her railroad trip, which ended at Vancouver, brought to view fertile fields, broad prairies, rapid rivers, dense forests and lofty mountains. The special points of interest in Canada were Banff, Lakes Louise and Emerald and the Yomo Valley. At Vancouver she took passage on the steamship, *Aorangi,* for the islands. The boat trip was unusually exciting, due to the fact that the ship was making a record trip, arriving at Hawaii fifteen hours ahead of schedule time.

There are eight islands in number. They form a beautiful group, running from southeast to northwest. The climate is fairly temperate. The valleys are beautiful and highly fertile, and are covered with sugar, cotton and rice plantations.

There are many Chinese, Americans, British, Portuguese, Germans, and French on the islands; but English natives belong to the Malayo-Polynesian race. Their reddish brown skin has been compared to the hue of tarnished copper. The hair, usually raven black, is straight, or at most, wavy. The face is broad, the profile not prominent, the nose rather flattened and the lips thick. The natives are chiefly Christians. The Hawaiians are a good tempered, lighthearted, and pleasure-loving race. They have many games and sports. They delight to be in the water, and swim with remarkable skill and ease. In the exciting sport of surf swimming, which always astonishes strangers, they balance themselves while standing or sitting on a small board which is carried landwards on the crest of a great roller.

Some of the rare fruits which Miss Rudolph tasted were the avocado, papaios, guavas, custard apple and mango.

Her visits to Waikiki Beach, the coral reefs, and the Volcano of Kilanea were of particular interest. After seeing many beautiful sights, Miss Rudolph left the Hawaiian Islands on the steamer *Calawaii.* On her return trip she stopped at Los Angeles and visited with Miss Hubbard who is attending the University of California. The trip through the United States proved very interesting. Some of the most impressive places were Zim, National Park, Garden of the Gods, Cedarbreaks, Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs and Bryce Canyon.

Miss Rudolph believes that it would be difficult to find anything more entertaining than a trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Autumn

Elizabeth Whitaker '28

The wind is blowing briskly
The leaves are falling fast;
The sky is blue and cloudless, too,
Who knows how long 'twill last?

The flowers, all, are dying,
The birds are flying past,
For winter's near, the fields are sear,
And there blows a chilly blast.

And, thus, the years go onward
Each summer, spring and fall
Tho' its breath is cold, its colors bold
Autumn is best of all.

Poetry Page

'Twas Hallowe'en

Alois Uek '28

The tall corn swayed with a rustle weird,
And the ghastly moon in the heavens leered.
'Twas the kind of night that makes you
skeered;
'Twas Hallowe'en.

And then, as you looked at the twinkling sky,
You seemed to see the witches fly
With their brooms and cats, and hats cocked
high,
'Twas Hallowe'en.

Just then you got a sudden scare
As you met a jack o'lantern's glare
That cast odd shadows here and there.
'Twas Hallowe'en.

And 'neath the sighing, old oak tree
The goblins, three, were making tea,
And tossed their legs in sprightly glee,
'Twas Hallowe'en.

And now you met a window bright
Through whence came cries of pure delight,
That echoed faintly through the night.
'Twas Hallowe'en.

Inside you saw the jolly host
Give to his friends a merry toast;
Saw apples sizzle and chestnuts roast,
'Twas Hallowe'en.

On top of Hiram's old wood shed
There stood, outlined, a worn out bed,
On this was perched a rusty sled.
'Twas Hallowe'en.

Then gusty winds with low moans blew,
A lonely owl called out its "whoo-ooo,"
And the goblins whispered, "Yoo-oo, you-oo,"
'Twas Hallowe'en.

Nature

Lucile Gerl '28

Trees and flowers and lakes are bright,
In the tranquil morning light,
Robins, wrens and warblers sing,
Cheer to sorrowed hearts they bring.

Nature's happy children, we
Why should we not joyous be?
Let us drive away our care,
Sunshine greets us everywhere.

Sisters, close to nature stay,
Turn to watch the sunbeams play,
There the sweetest lessons learn,
To give love for love's return.

A Student's Dirge

Mary Smalley '28

When shadows begin to lengthen,
And darkness falls o'er the earth,
When lights flash out from the windows,
And people are planning for mirth,
Then I, with my books for companions,
(My duties I never shirk,)
Earnestly plan and study,
And work,—and work,—and work.

There's English, and Latin, and typing,
All three take much of my time,
Then French with its foreign accent
Must be memorized line by line.
Then History going back to the ancients,
Which tells of things long ago,
Because of the time that is flying
My brain is clouded and slow.

When my mind is filled and strengthened,
By what I have studied at night
I sleep the sleep of exhaustion
And wake in the morning light.
Then, to my sorrow and sadness,
(This makes me very sore,)
That when the next evening advances,
I find I must do it once more.

The "Manitou"

Lenore Healy '28

Do you ever look for jokes
Just like all the other folks?
Well, if this is what you do
Then look into the "Manitou."

If you wish to read a story
All about some hero's glory
There will be one good for you
Right there in our "Manitou."

When you have something to buy
And do not know which store to try,
Look through advertisements new
That are in the "Manitou."

If for football news you crave
And with others like to rave,
Then 'twould be of help to you
To look into the "Manitou."

All these things are worth your while
And will leave you with a smile.
When in doubt of what to do
Just look into our "Manitou".

The Autumn Leaves

The Autumn leaves are falling,
Are falling here and there,
They're falling through the atmosphere
And also through the air.

The Barn Dance

Margaret G. Murphy, '27.

Audrey Russel was sitting in a cozy den before a roaring fire. She was in one of the "comfy" chairs you see advertised in all of the popular magazines, only Audrey was sitting in it the wrong way. She was using one arm of the chair as a rest for her back, and over the other arm were draped her shapely legs. All the scene needed was an Angora cat lying asleep before the fire, but, sad to say, Nigger (the cat) was in the lowest part of the house, namely, the basement. He had found a fish in a not too good condition, and of course, when he had come home he had been exiled to the basement.

As Audrey sat thus, a ringing sound was heard from an adjoining room. She heard a voice say, "Audrey? I'll call her, hold the line please." Audrey jumped toward the next room, and this is the conversation that followed:

"Hello. Yes, this is Audrey."

"Oh-hello, Bill."

"Friday night?"

"I'd just love to."

"Thanks."

"Good-bye."

After the receiver clicked, Audrey commenced to clog, snap her fingers and shake her head. The secret of all her exuberance was her delight over having been invited to a barn dance with Bill Allen. She really truly had never been to a barn dance before in all her life; she had heard that they were the most fun!

That night at dinner Audrey was informed by her mother that her second cousin, Jean West, was coming to spend the week-end, and that she would arrive Friday afternoon.

"Friday afternoon!" said Audrey.

"Yes, but don't yell, dear," said her mother, "and be sure to be at the station to meet her."

Now Jean West was one year older than Audrey and had just graduated the year before from an exclusive girl's school in the East. Audrey had seen her at two- or three-year intervals when she was younger and had straightway dubbed her as a "prig," because she always appeared shocked at anything Audrey did. On the other hand, Jean had thought Audrey quite a "droll child," as she told her father, and she was making the visit only to please him, before she left for Europe.

After dinner, Audrey went up-stairs and called up Bill, saying she had to see him on a very important matter, and could he come right away?

In five minutes Bill was there, and in another five Audrey had told him all the news about her cousin's visit.

"If she would only come sooner, I might shock her so she'd leave before tomorrow, but, of course, she'd have to come to-morrow, and she won't leave for another two days. I suppose I'll have to drag her along. Can't you dig up another fellow for her, Bill? Charlie Evans will do, I guess."

The next morning, Audrey spent in straightening up her room, and giving a lot of advice to the members of the household. Before she realized it, the clock had struck twelve, and it was time for lunch. After lunch she moped around until two, and it was time to start for the station. The station was two miles away, but Audrey arrived at her destination in five minutes. She spent the rest of the time in walking up and down the platform, and looking at the time-board to see if there wasn't the barest possibility of the train being wrecked. But no; it was on time.

That night, after dinner, Audrey told Jean that they both had dates for the evening and that, as the boys were coming at nine, it might be a good plan if they'd get ready. Jean agreed, and they both went up-stairs. On the way up Audrey said, "We're going to a barn-dance."

That night as Audrey was dancing with Bill, she heard him remark, "Strikes me, your cousin isn't having such a bad time."

Audrey looked at Jean and found her trying to Charleston to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw," meanwhile looking as if she had never had such a good time in all her eighteen years.

At three a. m. the next morning two tired girls crawled into bed. One said, "Have you any plans for the next four months?"

"No; why?"

(Continued on Page 28)

Uh Rah! Rah! Team

Wilma Becker, '27

The students were raising the roof again as Professor Dean, a shriveled little bald-headed man, declared gravely. It surely sounded as if something was about to happen. One thousand voices, and every one as loud as a fog-horn were enough to make any man shriveled and gray.

Tomorrow was the day of the big football game. Of course, Lincoln High was going to win; that is providing the student body had anything to say about it.

Johnny, the fat cheerleader, wiped beads of perspiration from his red face and shouted hoarsely, "Now all together, a U-Rah-Rah! Are you ready?

"We are."

Again the walls of the auditorium seemed to rock with the terrific explosion of voices. The cheerleader silenced the students by saying, "Will the boys on the team step up, please?"

Blushing, the sixteen, husky football players stamped up on the platform. The girls eyed them adoringly; the boys admiringly.

"Captain Danny will now give us a little talk," announced the cheer leader.

"Er-ah-ah, we're gonna play to-morrow, and ah-ah—"

A tittar ran through the room and Captain Danny swallowed hard, blushed furiously, gazed at the ceiling, and said almost viciously, "Well we're gonna win," and he retired.

The students clapped as if some famous speech had been made. Some senior got up and yelled, "Whats'a matter with Danny?"

"He's all right," came the hearty applause.

The cheer leader mopped his face once more and said obligingly, "We will now hear from Paul."

Paul stepped forward boldly, but faltered as he caught the eye of his girl. There she sat with her freckled face grinning up at him implishly. "Confound her," he thought, and looked toward the other side of the room.

Some one yelled, "Louder," from the back of the room; this made him angry so he yelled back. "So's your old Morne." (By the way, ask Major Hoople that joke, or maybe Florence B. could help you.

The students rocked with laughter. Paul bowed graciously and stepped back. Another storm of applause followed. So on down the line of stammering, blushing, husky boys, speech followed speech, if they may be called such.

When the boys had finally resumed their seats the high school orchestra, called the Dumb Belles, walked up the aisle playing, "Oh, It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

A certain Tommy was seen blowing furiously on a horn which emitted sounds unlike any ever heard of before by man or beast, while a certain Grabbo plunked along in the rear, trying his best to beat Tommy.

Again the cheer leader raised his hand for silence and yelled, "Now, all together, a locomotive. Are you ready?"

"We are."

"M-a-n-i-t-o-w-o-c
"M-a-n-i-t-o-w-o-c
"M-a-n-i-t-o-w-o-c
Manitowoc! ! ! ! !"

To the Brook

Alois Uek '28

Oh, Brook, that's running all day long,
How do you make your pretty song?
O'er mossy mounds and flowered thrones.
You babble over rocks and stones
You wind your way among small hills
'Neath blossoming flowers and over rills.
Your sparkling water clear and bright,
Runs on forever day and night.
Happy you are as you babble by
'Neath the clear blue summer sky,
And at night your ripples croon
Shimmering 'neath the silvery moon.
Frogs live 'neath your waters gay
Giving concerts night and day;
So through the woods your way you wend
Oh, Brook, I wish you were my friend!

Touring Europe

Lucile Gerl '28

Europe, as seen through the tourist's eye is a very interesting country, true to the ancient traditions and a delight to the foreigner, as Miss Babcock, who spent fourteen weeks there, can tell you.

Before beginning the scheduled tour her party drove along the south and west coasts of England visiting many picturesque ancient villages. Among these was Clovelly, which figured in Charles Kingsley's *Westward, Ho!*

A most delightful week was spent in London. Needless to say, she visited the Westminster Abbey and Cathedral. An interesting legend is connected with the Abbey:

There was once a schoolboy who hid himself in the Abbey so that he could be locked in all night. All came about as he wished, and he was locked in. In the Abbey is the Coronation Chair, which was the scene of the coronation of many English kings, and is said to contain a holy stone.

All this did not impress the boy, however, for he made himself comfortable in the Coronation Chair and passed the night as snugly as in the little bed he should have been filling.

In the morning he was gone, but the good monks found this inscription carved on the chair with a pocket knife: "I, Peter Abbott, slept in this chair."

These words can still be seen on the chair.

The visit to the tombs of the Crusaders also proved very interesting; but, although Miss Babcock visited many other places, she likes Germany best.

The trip from Brussels, England, to Cologne, Germany, was made by airplane. Romance reigned supreme in the old castles and towns, and the black fir forests of Germany.

In Geneva, the place of interest was the building where the League of Nations meets. While in that mountain district, the party climbed Mount Blanc and walked on a large glacier.

Maybe Miss Babcock will be glad to tell more about her trip for a later edition of the MANITOU.

Condolence to the Freshies

Mabel Rieboldt '28

Never mind, Freshies,
Your turn is coming, too,
When you can tease some freshies
As the others now tease you.

Be not troubled by the pranks
That the sophomores play on you
Let them not forget so quickly
That they once were freshmen, too.

If the juniors in their glory
A little condescending seem,
Let them know that you are sorry
They're not much in your esteem.

I know you think the seniors
Are wisest of the wise
But when they go to college,
They will share the freshman joys.

In the Days of Alton Reimer

Freshies were they; green as they make them. Alton, the chicken hearted, had ventured into dangerous territory by going through the halls of the second floor.

Sir Gussard and his knave, Speedy Grabbo, happened to be out strolling this particular morning. "What seest thou?" asked Gussard of his knave.

"I see green," quoth Grabbo.

"Which maketh thy master see red" answered the swarthy gentlemen. "Let us hie ourselves unto him, and woe to the frosh if he be afeared."

"Aye, aye Sir," replied Grabbo.

Just as the master was about to accost the freshie, Charles Bouril, the second, entered upon the scene. Quick of temper was Charles II. Thus, upon seeing his friend molested, he drew his trusty sword and slew Sir Gussard, while the knave, Grabbo, ran off to the mountain of Rapids to live the life a hermit every afterward.

Some say freshies are rather a green bunch this year, but have you ever seen freshies any other color? We know of one freshie from the country that had an entry in one of the clubs at the County Fair, and if he and all other other freshies enter into the spirit of school as well as they do in their separate clubs they will be a welcome addition.

Percival Peacon

Alois Uek '28

In the little village of Franklin
On the banks of the lordly Hudson
Lived a wondrous deacon of renown
By the name of Isaac Mudson.

He had accomplished many deeds,
And thus his fame had spread,
But financially he was so shrewd
His children ate dry bread.

Two sons had he, named Ike and Mike
And rascally fellows they were;
Many a time had the irate deacon
Sat on an ugly burr.

A stranger came to the village one day
With a high silk hat on his head.
He sat on a horse with a stately air;
"I'm a French riding-master," he said.

"My name is Percival Peacon,
I have a casino in France.
I came here to give riding lessons
And to teach the young ladies to dance."

The deacon came up with his daughter.
"Sir, here is a partner for you."
The dancing commenced, and off they skipped,
While the fiddler played for the two.

When the dancing was over, the meeting adjourned.
The Frenchman went home with the deacon,
And when they reached home the deacon, he said,
"Boys, a friend of mine, Percival Peacon."

The boys took his hat which soon served as a dish
To hold glue and some old rotton eggs;
His riding whip then was next stuck in some paint
And his coat in an old liquor keg.

The Frenchman drank tea and prepared to depart.
Being bashful, he stood on one leg;
He put on his hat, and then down his face,
Ran the yolk of an old rotten egg.

He snatched up his hat and then threw it away,
What a sight this poor maiden saw!
A bald head a 'swimming' in eggs and some glue
Like the land in a warm spring time thaw.

The Frenchman then waited for more to come
For the boys had decided to pass,
He grabbed up his whip, and wiped off his face,
'Twas now just as green as the grass.

Then out of the house and onto his horse,
Away then he rode from the deacon.
And these, I believe, were the pranks that they played
On the Frenchman, named Percival Peacon.

Why Boys Leave Home

Alice Williamson '28

"Jonah! Oh Jonah! you c'mere right away."

"Aw, what cha want now, you old pest?"

"Ma said ja hadda came home an' chop wood."

"Aw, she allus wants me ter do somepin' 'at I don't wanna do. Wheres the ax?"

This exchange of words was to be heard in the Ferry's back yard about ten o'clock one Saturday morning.

"Well where d'ja put it last? It oughta be in the woodshed."

"Will you children stop that quarreling and get to work? Jonah, you chop that wood, and Clarabelle, you finish dyeing that dress."

Everything was quiet for about a half an hour. All at once there was a wild scream that seemed to come from the woodshed. Mrs. Ferry rushed out of the door into the yard. What she saw was Jonah hopping around the yard on one foot, screaming violently, and pointing to his other foot which had a soiled red cloth tied around it, and Clarabelle standing over a dish where she was dying a dress red.

"See what happened just 'cuz you made me chop wood? I almost chopped my toe off. Now I can't chop any more wood for a while, 'cuz my toe hurts."

Mrs. Ferry knew she wouldn't get any

more work out of Jonah that morning so she let him go and play(His foot didn't hurt too much for that).

At dinner time Mrs. Ferry called Jonah and he didn't come. She sent Clarabelle over to Jonah's friend's house. Then Clarabelle went up into Jonah's room and found a note pinned to his pillow which read:

"*Dere Ma and Bell*:

I know you don't love me eny more cuz you allus make me work so hard and Louie Morris and me are gonna go to Chilly and wen we get lots of money from diamonds ye'll come back and buy you a shiny ford. My foot is all right I only put some of Bell's red dye on a cloth and rapped it around my foot. I took the cake you baked to-day and a can of your best jelly because I won't be here to get any this winter. Don't forget to remember me as

Jonah.

P. S. I don't like my name so I'm going to change it to Methusela.

Clarabelle took the note down to her mother who immediately went to Louie's house and told Louie's father to try and find them.

About two hours later Mrs. Ferry saw Mr. Morris coming up the road toward her house, carrying a squirming something in his arms. When he came a little closer Mrs. Morris saw that the "somthing" was Jonah.

Poor Jonah was never so sick in all his life, (besides eating all the cake and jelly, he and Louie Morris had eaten a butterscotch and a mince pie that Louie had taken from home). They decided that there was no place like home and if they ever did run away they'd take something different from cake, pie and jelly for lunch.

HOUSE HINT

When making soft soap, mix a box of carpet tacks with the ingredients. This will enable you to keep it from slipping out of your hands when using.

Foreign Language Department

"Le Cercle Francais," The French Circle met in room 208 after school, Tuesday, September 20. It was a strictly business meeting. Officers were elected with the following results:

Francis Thompson—President.
Marie Oberland—Vice-President.
Marguerite Rahr—Secretary-Treasurer.

Helene Brandt was elected chairman of the Entertainment committee with Evelyn Sporer and Ruth Hollander as assistants. Many new members were admitted into the club.

The German Club met in room 221 after school, Monday, September 27. Officers were elected with the following results:

President—Ernest Strub.
Vice-President—Margaret Erdmann.
Secretary—Viola Lippert.
Treasurer—Amanda Backus.
Adviser—Miss M. Anderson.

A committee composed of members was appointed for the purpose of initiation. The secretary to-gether with some other members of the club were to make a constitution.

We are very glad to welcome Miss Marguerite Anderson into our faculty. Miss Anderson says she is very favorably impressed with Manitowoc, as well as our school and its work. She is teaching German and English and is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin.

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1. What did Kate say to Tom when he was naughty? Nautam (Now, Tom).
2. With what does the elephant see the big mouse in the road? Viae (Wee Eye).
3. What do you think I'll say when I sail for Europe? Navigo (Now We Go).
4. Why did you do this? Dono (Don't know).
5. What should city and country people do? Agri (Agree).
6. How do you feel after your long journey? Viri (Weary).
7. What is the time from dawn till night? De (Day).
8. How is the third conjugation like an old maid? Neither have any bo's (Beaus).

A Few of the L. H. S. Organizations

With the opening of the school the usual calls come from the various school clubs, staffs, and organization, all busy making a bid for your membership.

The first to organize was the Boys' Tennis Club, called by Mr. Ludwig who was unanimously voted as adviser. This organization looks forward to a very successful year. Our racket wielders have already met in an interclass singles and doubles tournament. The junior class won with a percentage of .941; the sophomores placed second with .555 per cent.; the seniors third with .471 per cent.; and the freshmen finished in last place with a percentage of .055 per cent. The result was very encouraging; all matches showing the good and bad points of players.

The French club, at its first meeting, elected Miss Morgan, adviser, and Frances Thompson, president. We are always pleased to have work in foreign departments outside of regular class room hours. The romance language gives plenty of opportunities for dramatization and modern readings.

A new addition to our list of clubs is the Senior-Junior Dramatic Club. Miss Strathearn hit upon the idea for producing better material for the senior class play in May, and to awaken any latent dramatic talent of the students. This is something new and our department sincerely wishes the players success throughout the coming season in their work.

The Commercial club, composed of junior and senior students taking subjects in the commercial course has again come to the front asking for membership. Incidently, this club has in past years maintained a good reputation for school spirit, and this year will prove to be no exception.

The report is that a Boys' Pep club is in the process of organization; but nothing definite has yet been done. However, the junior and senior classes will possibly carry on the good work the Razz-U-Boys started last year.

Last but not least is the faithful old Library Board which under the capable leadership of Miss Ruddock, our school librarian, again promises to become one of Lincoln's best known clubs.

ACTIVITY IN CLUB MEMBERSHIP

The faculty advisers of the various clubs, and magazine staff of the Lincoln High school think that credit should be given to active members. Attendance, work done, and interest taken in each organization will be considered. This will eliminate the "dead beets" found in every club and will also form an incentive for the interested members to work with a will.

Principal Stangel recommended this plan for the purpose of the supervision of student outside life and interests at a recent teachers' meeting. The plan will tend to eliminate the students that run from one club to another trying to get their pictures in the school annual under as many heads as possible, by merely signing their names on organization night. Such students make little beneficial progress in any club, and the organizations get along just as well without them. In other words, the advice of those who know is to join not more than three organizations, but to make your presence necessary by your activity.

We have missed three of our teachers this year, and hope they will soon be with us again. Miss Jean Anderson was very ill at the hospital, Mr. Trupke is ill at his home, and Miss Groelle is caring for her mother. The substitutes are ably filling their places. Mrs. Espeseth is substituting for Miss Anderson in Latin, Miss Kapitan for Mr. Trupke in English and Miss Schwartz for Miss Groelle in typing. We hope for the recovery of the teachers and Miss Groelle's mother.

Violet Ourada's cheery smile is being missed by everyone, the seniors especially. Violet has been bedridden for several months. She was at the hospital, but has now been taken home. The senior class send their best wishes for her recovery.

MANITOU SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST

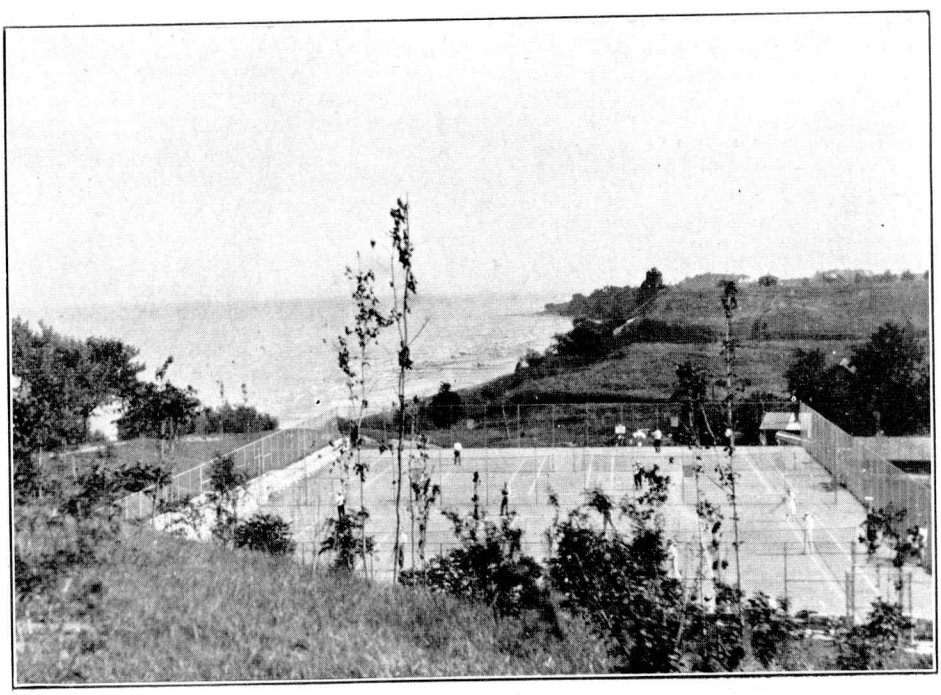
The Manitou Staff arranged a subscription contest this year which created considerable interest among the students. A silver loving cup was awarded to the class having the highest percentage of subscriptions. The cup is a traveling one and will hereafter be known as "The Manitou Trophy". It will be engraved every year with the name of the winning class and the date. The trophy stands fifteen inches high and will form the newest addition to our trophy case on the second floor corridor. The class of 1929 has the honor of holding the trophy the first year, winning with a total of 76 per cent. The four classes finished as follows:

Sophomores—76 per cent.
Seniors—63 per cent.
Juniors—60 per cent.
Freshmen—51 per cent.

At a mass meeting, our editor-in-chief, Rubie Diebert presented the trophy to the president of the sophomore class.

SINGING IN THE AUDITORIUM

Isn't it queer how funny some people exercise their vocal cords? If you doubt this statement you certainly were not present when your class got its early morning instruction in larynx calisthenics. Each class is called weekly to the auditorium where Miss Audrey Boettcher leads in singing favorite songs. This fifteen minute period should be thoroughly enjoyed by all, for it is meant as a pleasant diversion before the day's work. However, some don't take it that way, and thus do not get the benefit. Come on, students, make an honest effort to sing. Remember group singing will always come in handy whether at home or at college.



Our Tennis Courts

S. O. S. Broadcasting Station

Hello, everybody! Welcome to our midst.

We could even say "city" instead of "midst." At least it must have looked so to a certain freshie, who rushed into class all out of breath, with the apology, "Excuse me, teacher, for being late. I got lost!"

The "Manitou" had offered
A pretty silver cup
The sophies never waited,
They gobbled it right up.

We are going to ask Professor Stangel to abolish the tardy room. It makes it so inconvenient for the teacher who acts as "jailer."

The class of '25 didn't forget to remember all those delightful class periods, and they proved this by donating those pictures for us to gaze rapturously at when we have nothing else to do, or when the teacher has left the room.

And that curtain in the Auditorium, donated by the class of '26 will furnish something for A. Fishbeck to hide behind when called upon to give a speech.

Have you gotten acquainted with all those new teachers yet? Well, if you haven't, here's a tip: First impressions are lasting.

We really should not talk about the freshies, when one of our juniors admitted falling down the steps the first day of school. Wonder if it happened because of excitement, enthusiasm, anticipation, or what?

Miss Strathearn surely knew her business when she organized that dramatic club. Who knows what romances those plays may lead to?

What's wrong with the juniors? Absolutely nothing! They banked 100 per cent. and were the first ones to do it.

Maybe you think we aren't going to be musical this year,—band, orchestra, community singing, glee club, etc.

There was a certain freshie,
Johnny was his name,
And when it came to yelling,
He hopped right into fame.

The staff would like your opinion about the magazine. Only be careful what kind of an opinion you express.

One of the members of our staff, Edward Person, by name, has the very peculiar mania of running off with girls' compacts. Pretty soon he can start a beauty shop.

More than one student received the surprise of his young life the morning of September 28, when the bulletin board proclaimed Johnny Meyer one of our cheer leaders.

And that is something for the class of '30 to put in their annals. That's the first time a freshman was ever thus honored.

But be careful, ye freshmen, don't let that information go to your head. There are still juniors and seniors in school.

And the flaming youth still flames.

Skortchy should have learned a lesson, but boys will never learn. One night when he was out riding he got orders from Darbant to report in the morning. Then daddy said Romie couldn't have the car any more, so he borrowed the boy friend's, and had six stitches in his wrist when he got to school the next day. Now, you tell one.

ATHLETICS

A Notice to Football Spectators

Most folks watching a football game do not understand the game and think the man carrying the ball is the star, or outstanding player of the game. This is not correct, for there are seven men of the line, who are the center, right and left guards, right and left tackles, right and left ends, and who have to make way for the backfield which consists of quarterback, fullback, right and left half backs, to carry the ball in order to score. It is the line which deserves just as much credit as the backfield. Of course this is not always true; sometimes the line is not working and the backfield has to work its own way through.

Returned Letter-men

Captain Danny Peppard, last year's choice as all conference half, is back with us, and he is leading his team into a season which we hope will be well-sprinkled with victories. Good luck to you, Captain Peppard.

Fischl,—You all know "Red" Fischl—he's our fullback, and punter. This is Red's third year with the team, and he is one of Danny's running mates.

Wilda,—Pauly Wilda, you know—is another of our fighting back-fielders, and he plays the other half position. He'll be back next year to help us.

Schroeder,—Bill, not Paul,—completes the line-up of our "Four Horsemen;" and he is no plug either. Bill is the boy who plays quarterback.

Hughes, Tommy Hughes, is on an end position again this year and that's enough about Hughes, 'cause Hughes is the guy that writes this stuff.

Mahnke, quaintly called "Tank," is excellently filling tackle berth. Our opponents have to be very big, and to be going pretty fast to get through our old "Tank."

That is all the letter-men we have back with us, but we have some bozos coming in that can fill up the holes left by those departing letter-men very nicely, so that's that.

Coach John

About this coach of ours; are there any of us so ignorant of human qualities as not to see in Coach Rex John all the essentials of a real coach, adviser and all-around good-fellow?

To you, Coach John, who in your four years of coaching at Manitowoc, have turned out championship teams in all major sports, and have gained the respect and the devotion of the student body, we take off our hats.

Coach Buegge

Mr. Buegge, a teacher of Commercial work, is one of Mr. John's assistants who takes charge of the back field men. Mr. Buegge was graduated from the Algoma high school, putting in his last two years in football. He played the halfback and quarterback positions. His last year on the team was emphasized by his being captain in 1923. Mr. Buegge, after leaving high

school went to Whitewater Normal where he played the last three years as halfback and fullback. He left Whitewater in 1926, and this fall took up his position at our high school.

Mr. Reese

Mr. Reese, another of Mr. John's assistants in the line of coaching, has played with the Ashland high school team for four years, at guard, tackle and center positions. He captained the Ashland High team his last two years. After his graduation from high school he went to Oshkosh Normal where he played three years at guard and tackle positions. He is not well known by our students because he has a position at the Manitowoc Vocational School, where he teaches auto mechanics and is consequently absent from Lincoln High most of the time.

Johnson, Physical Director

Mr. Johnson is a graduate of Michigan State Normal College, and spent the years of 1924-25-26 respectively in the University of Minnesota School of Physical Education and Athletic Coaching. He also attended the University of Michigan School of Physical Education and Athletic Coaching and the Graduate School of Physical Education of the University of Iowa. Johnson comes to us well-schooled in his profession and a man of value to the coaching staff.

Besides his regular gym work, he has taken an enthusiastic interest in track and the minor sports. Johnson was a 220 and 440 man at Michigan State Normal and ran in the half-mile relay. He will help John in developing a track meet.

Cross Country

Athletic Director, Johnson, has fifty-odd aspirants out loping around the hills and dales of the campus in an endeavor to round out a cross-county squad, that will make us proud of them in the Valley Cross-Country meet to be held October 31 at Green Bay.

Cross-country is an international sport. There will be inter-class teams, as well as a team for meets. There will be as many teams from each class as there are numbers of boys out from that class.

Although this is the first attempt of Manitowoc to develop a cross-country team, we are sure, from the looks of Johnson's "Thundering Herd," that our gang isn't going to have a monopoly on all the last places in the Valley meet. With men like Schroeder, crack half-miler, Stamm varsity miler, and others, we will fare well.

Anyway, Coach Johnson, here's luck to you!

"Eager" Panosh Makes Good at Evanston

In looking over the Sport pages of the Milwaukee Sentinel, we find that George "Eager" Panosh, a boy who, in 1922, played football with the Manitowoc high school team under the direction of Coach John is now attending Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. Here he is playing the center position under Coach Thistlethwaite, one of the best coaches of the Big Ten Conference. George is coming along fine, and is expected to further the progress of the team.

FIELD HOCKEY

A new sport has been introduced to the girls' gymnasium classes this fall. It is the game of Field Hockey. It is quite novel to the girls, as it is the first real outdoor game that has ever been taught to the gymnasium classes of the new high school.

Scheduled games are held after school hours between the organized class teams. Each of the classes is represented by a team. Keen interest is being shown in the game.

Kewaunee

Manitowoc had its first football game at Kewaunee, September 25, on an ideal football day. Manitowoc opened its grid year with a perfect record of 42-0. A few minutes afterward Peppard kicked off to Kewaunee. Kewaunee was forced to kick, and our boys took the ball, but were slow on the first two plays. Then they got started, and Peppard ran around the right end 80 yards for our first touchdown. He then kicked for the extra point, making the score 7-0. This started the Red Devils hot on the trail to victory, and from then on Kewaunee didn't have a chance till the last two minutes of play. Peppard again kicked off to Kewaunee, but they were weak and were able to return the ball but a small distance. The ball was again taken away and through the efforts of Schroeder, Fischl, Fishbeck and Peppard was carried near the line where Fishbeck smashed over for a second touchdown. Peppard kicked goal, ending the first quarter.

In this quarter, the boys fought just as hard as before. They carried the ball down to the 30-yard line. Fishbeck received the oval on the gallop from his Captain, racing over for another touchdown. Captain Peppard booted the oval between the bars, making score 21-0 in our favor. Again in the kick-off, the Red and Blacks failed to return the ball far enough to notice. The line as before, opened up and made way for the Four Horsemen to near the goal where Fischl plunged over the line for a fourth touchdown, leaving Peppard to kick the pig-skin through the bars, making the score 28-0. Shortly after the kick-off the whistle blew for the half with the score still 28-0.

In the second half both teams were on the field ready to start, although the M. H. S. Seconds were now stacked up against the Bohemian's first string. The subs did very well considering experience. They held Kewaunee well and also carried the ball down to the goal line where the third quarter ended.

Mr. John substituted some first team backfielders and some third team line. Later the whole first team went in. On the next play "Cohen" Fishbeck tore through the line for another touchdown to allow Neuberg to kick goal making the score 35-0.

Peppard kicked off to Kewaunee and the ball was returned ten yards where it changed hands several times. Kewaunee carried the ball for thirty yards, something which never happened before in this game. M. H. S. took the ball out of their possession and were forced to punt. The same right half received the ball and carried it to the one yard line where M. H. S. held them till the gun went off leaving the score 42-0,—M. H. S.'s victory.

Appleton

The greatest high school football game Manitowoc has ever witnessed was played on the Red and White gridiron field Saturday, October 2. Manitowoc lost a 13-to-7 decision at the hands of the powerful Appleton high eleven. As the result, Manitowoc is now out of the running list for the Conference title, but with five conference games at schedule.

The game was a moral victory for Manitowoc; the fleet Red Streaks counting a total of eleven first downs making a total of 235 yard gains.

The teams took the field; Captain Peppard chose to defend the south goal and kicked off to Appleton to the 18-yard line, where the receiver passed it to his left and skirted the east side of the grid field to Manitowoc's 38-yard line. Johnson took the ball around Manitowoc's left end for ten yards which caused the first touch-down. Lutz drop-kicked for the extra point.

The red and white line held fast. Johnson kicked off to Hughes on the 16 yard line, and he returned the pig-skin to the forty-yard line.

The red and white got together and the line held like a stone wall, while back-field men, Fischl, Wilda, Peppard and Schroeder put the ball over for a touchdown. The quarter ended 7-7, after a scrimmage between the two teams.

The second quarter ended with Appleton 13, and Manitowoc 7. Although the Manitowoc line held, the fast Appleton squad added the other touchdown.

The third and fourth quarters ended in a head to head battle with either side receiving not a point.

Captain Danny Peppard

Maudy Hansen, Manitowoc's flashy center, went right through the Appleton line, and on many occasions downed the man carrying the pigskin. With Peppard's plunges and passes Manitowoc worked its way to Appleton's ten yard line with only thirty-five seconds to play. Manitowoc tried hard for another point, but without success. The game ended with Fighting Dan passing to Hughes; but Johnson was near at hand, and the ball came into the hands of Bill Schroeder after it was fumbled by Johnson and Hughes.

The game ended with Appleton 13 and Manitowoc 7.

Marinette

The Saturday following the Appleton mix-up found Red and White engaged in an upstate tornado with Purple and White at the Lincoln high school gridiron field. At the end of the game the score was 20-0 with the Purple and White victors.

As usual, the four Red and White horsemen were out-weighed which caused much difficulty in the art of running, tackling, blocking and punting, but in spite of this, it seemed as though Coach John had taught his wards to crush the Purple and White line.

Coach John's charges didn't give anything away. Marinette fought hard for every yard gained that day, and possibly they were as glad to see the end come, as were the Red and White.

Peppard kicked off for Manitowoc to then ten yard line where Erickson received the pig-skin and returned it to Marinette's thirty-eight yard line. On the next play, DeTemple flanked right end for a touchdown and Pinegar kicked goal.

The Red and White held, and it was in the second quarter that Marinette got another touchdown after an exchange of punts and a series of crashes. The score was 13-0.

The third quarter went scoreless when a break of the game, an offside penalty with Marinette on the five yard line with four downs and a yard to go, robbed the visitors of a touchdown.

Shortly after the opening of the fourth quarter on a series of smashing line plays, the Purple scored again. Manitowoc had the ball in mid-field but without success to get the ball over for a touchdown. The game ended in a 20-0 victory for the Purple and White.

Manitowoc's First Conference Victory

Minus two regulars, lost through ineligibility, one the mighty Peppard himself, the Red-clad lads of Lincoln trotted out on to the stadium field on that afternoon of October 15 with every intention of either do or die. And they did!

Fond du Lac, by no means a "weak sister" of the conference, fresh from a victory

over Appleton, who had defeated Manitowoc earlier in the season, came down upon us with high hopes and maybe a little overconfidence in their breasts. The 'leven lads o' Lincoln sent them back home with their hopes badly shattered with the short end of a 13-7 score and filled with the dejection typical of a team that has lost a game they figured theirs.

The victory over Fondy put Manitowoc in the win column of the Valley Conference records, and was the first Conference victory Manitowoc has won in years.

The Red and White pushed over their first touchdown early in the first quarter when Wilda slashed off-tackle for the two yards to the goal after the ball had been carried down the field with off-tackle runs that couldn't be stopped. Fischl missed his try for extra point. Fishbeck carried the pill over for three yards again in the same quarter for the second score. Wilda kicked goal.

Hansen, Fondy's brilliant half-back, circled left end for 80 yards and a touchdown in a beautiful dash across the field, early in the third quarter and from then on the game was anything but slow. Fondy resorted to the pass-attack in an attempt to shoot another touchdown through our ranks, but time after time they were repulsed.

The game ended with the ball in Manitowoc's possession on their own 40-yard line.

Line-up as follows:

L. E.—Towsley	R. E.—Hughes
L. T.—Hogan	Q.—Schroeder
L. G.—Lenz	L. H.—Fishbeck
C.—Hanson	R. H.—Wilda
R. G.—Brey	F.—Fischl
R. T.—Mahnke	

Substitutions as follows:
Sweikar for Towsley.
Newburg for Fischl.
Panosh for Brey.
Fischl for Newburg.

Oshkosh

The Red and White battled its way to victory in a muddy one sided battle with Oshkosh the Saturday following the Fond du Lac game.

Smiling Capt. Fischl of the Red and White squad kicked off for Manitowoc but the Oshkosh gridders took Manitowoc by force in the first two quarters.

The playing was slowed up considerably because the field was wet and slopping, but the Red and White showed up well. Oshkosh, with their mud corks, were prepared for the battle and took the pigskin down for a touchdown in the first few minutes of play. Red Towsley, big left end of the Red and White squad, was laid out by a boot in the face, leaving Manitowoc weak at one end. Sweikar went in for Red Towsley. Sweikar, "Hoot Gibson", Manitowoc's rare and tearing cowboy, showed up well throughout the game. Oshkosh had possession of the pigskin most of the first quarter. Red and White held well in the mud puddles but the score was 6-0 in Oshkosh's favor.

The second quarter started with Oshkosh having possession of the pigskin. Manitowoc now catching on to the spread formation, was taking Oshkosh backs for losses. The pigskin changed hands several times in nearing the end of the quarter. Oshkosh gained possession of the pigskin, and after failing on several plays, tried a pass from the thirty yard line placing the ball on the three yard line. Oshkosh lined up quickly and smashed over the chalk line for a second touchdown. Score 12-0. Manitowoc kicked off to Oshkosh making little yardage. Oshkosh was forced to kick, Manitowoc gained possession of the pigskin and keeping it till the end of first half.

Third quarter: Red and White became flying streaks; the semiforms of red and white were black from line plunges. The four Red and White horsemen went through for considerable gains, but Oshkosh's safties were always at hand to stop the ball carriers. The Red and White, getting used to the barnyard mud, forced Fishbeck through for thirty yards. This short sprint by "Cohn", Fishbeck gave the Red and White squad more ginger to carry on the battle. Fishbeck and Skoracky began to make good yardage on off tackle plunges, Fischl hitting the line hard for gains, and Schroeder tearing off end runs. This brought the pigskin to the fifty yard line. Oshkosh was still in the lead at the end of the third quarter.

Fourth quarter: Red and White took Oshkosh by surprise when Maudy Hanson blocked a kick which Sweikar in an attempt to pick up the pigskin kicked for twenty yards over the goal line. Here the flying Irishman, Hughes, secured it by a flying leap of five feet with an Oshkosh half on

top of him for Manitowoc's first touch down. Fischl tried hard for the extra point, but the muddy pigskin which weighed a ton fell down. Score 12-6. Fischl then kicked to Oshkosh who tried several passes, but they were incompleted, giving Manitowoc possession of the pigskin. Manitowoc's only hopes were passes. Schroeder passed to Fishbeck, and was grounded, the second pass was from Skoracky to Hughes. Tom again leaped high into the air and pulled it down, and, with the aid of Schroeder's interference was able to slide over the goal line for another touchdown, tying the score.

Wilda then came to the aid of the Red and White in place of Skoracky who played a perfect game. Wilda reported to referee and took his back field position. This light haired boy ranks as one of the best goal kickers in the Fox River Conference. Fresh from the side line he brought Manitowoc to victory by putting the pigskin over the bar for a 13-12 score.

Fischl kicked off to Oshkosh who made several line plunges but met a Red and White stone wall fighting a second M. H. S. conference victory. The boys, with blood and dirt in their eyes, held till the final whistle blew, leaving Manitowoc victorious. U-rah!—rah! team.

Victory Meeting

At the three-bell signal, Monday morning, October 18, all students rushed to the auditorium to rejoice in the victory over Fond du Lac.

Miss Boettcher led in the singing of a victory song. Mr. Stangel called on Coach John, who told us the news we all knew—"We won!!"

After Mr. John's talk, Tommy led in a sky-rocket. He then presented a magnificent cup (sterling silver lined with gold) which the Razz-U Boys' Club had bought in appreciation of Saturday's good work. In his presentation speech he commented on the fact that no matter how great the cost of the cup (he mentioned its retail price at $4.50) the team deserved it. The cup towers at a height of four inches. Mr. John accepted it in behalf of the team and gave a most flowery speech.

The meeting then broke up with a "Locomotive."

Girls' Athletic Club

The Girls' Athletic Club re-organized in September. A large membership is enrolled. Last year the club, popularly known as the G. A. C., was one of the most progressive clubs in school, and this year promises to be just as successful.

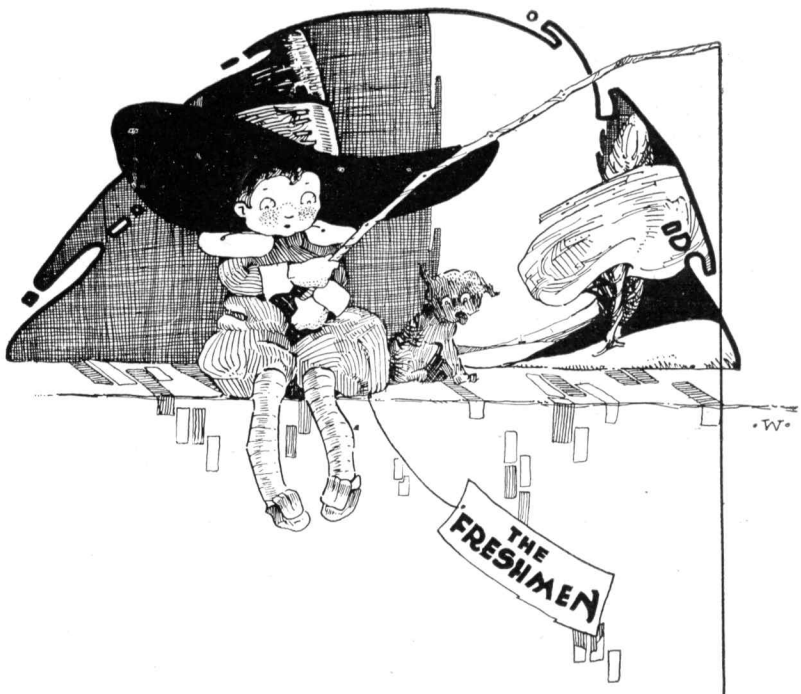
Several changes have been made by the club this year. Seventy-five points were the required number of points to earn an emblem last year. This year, however, one hundred points will be the minimum number of points required. The club colors were blue and orange last year, but this year the club has chosen red and white for its colors. Every year a sweater is presented to the senior girl having the greatest number of points over a thousand. Last year Elinor Geigel had the highest number of points. She received her sweater at the end of the school term. This year the sweater will be presented at the end of the first semester, in February. There is close competition among the senior girls, each wanting the honor of winning the coveted sweater. The points that were earned last year by the club members will be recorded and added to the points earned this year.

No girl can become an active member of the club until she has paid her dues.

On Thursday, October 14, the Girls' Athletic Club held its first meeting this year. The following officers were elected: Germaine Kestly, President; Adeline Kawalle, Vice-President; Ethel Ziebell, ecretary; Alice Williamson, Treasurer; Lucille Schroeder, cheer leader.

Wise Soph. to Freshie: Do you know anything about Julius Caesar?

Freshie: Yes, isn't he the good-looking fellow I saw at the gym to-day?



SENIORS

Florane Belinske
Rubie Diebert
Lorraine Kestly
Lucille Nelson
Nellie Lorrigan
Walter Olson
Jack Schmidtman
Phyllis Sohrweide

JUNIORS

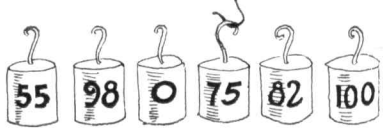
Amanda Backhaus
Josephine Beers
Eulalia Boettger
Helen Brady
Helene Brandt
Edith Hansen
Paul Jaklin
Marguerite Kuffel
Blanche Linstedt
Ruth Napiezinski
Marguerite Rahr
Frederick Randolph
Mabel Rieboldt
Wilma Seibel
Mary Lois Smalley
Evelyn Smith
Evelyn Sporer
Elizabeth Whitaker
Harry Witczak

SOPHOMORES

Richard Buerstatte
Dorothy Feldman
Ruth Geerdts
Ruth Gilbert
Virginia Meany
Leonard Peroutka
Anita Pleuss
Laura Posvic
Marie Richardson
Evelyn Spevacek

FRESHMEN

Dorothy Halverson
Dorothy Kleist
Grace Koutnik
Harriet Maples
Alice Nienaber
Ivan Olson
Marcella Schaus
Marion Thiesen
Grace Trippler
Robert Waite



Alumni

The Manitou Staff was honored with a visit by the ex-editor-in-chief, Chester Halverson. He "blew in" at one of our first meetings, and we were certainly glad to see him.

Many of our grads are entering the University of Wisconsin this year. Philip Smalley, Walter Peters, Libian Balkansky, Francis Murphy, Kenneth Healy, Ruth Peck, Charles Lueth. Florence Randolph, Gerald Muchin. Helene Plumb, Frederick Borcherdt, and Earl Meisnest are some of them.

Lester Kunish of "23" has received an appointment to West Point for which he is preparing at Columbia, Missouri.

Francis Langrill has entered Notre Dame.

Robert Ristad is attending the University of Mississippi.

Alice Vegrot is a full-fledged teacher. She has finished her course at the County Training School, and now is teaching at a school near King's Bridge. You should see the school. It's a dandy!

Some of our Alumni, Leo Siehr, John Skoracky, Roy Peterson, and Wilbur Brandt, left in a flivver for Florida to help reconstruct it after the hurricane. They changed their minds, however, before they reached Chicago.

Some of our grads are gallant teachers: Alice Linder, assistant kindergarten teacher in Shebovgan, Ethel Reinfried is teaching English in Brodhead, Wisconsin.

Marion Sanderson is teaching near Whitelaw.

Manitowoc County Training School is well attended by our graduates. Norma Rieck, Lillian Keune. Katherine Harkins, Wilmot Kitzerow, Gretna Terkelson, Ladonia Frye, Leita Georgensen, Lois Blaesser, Edward Johnson, Margaret Cohen, Anna Kapidlansky, and Frank Kabot are the future teachers.

The following are attending Lawrence: Margaret Norris, Evelyn Cool, August Schmitt, and Henry Brezinski.

Many of the students have noticed the beautiful pictures which adorn the walls of some of the different rooms of Lincoln High. Closer observation will reveal a small plate at the bottom of each, saving that they were given by the class of 1925. The pictures are lovely copies of the originals. In the first floor assembly hangs "The Retreat" by W. Leigh. The wall of the second floor assembly shows another one of Leigh's pictures, "Thunder Mountain." Those whose study hall is in the third floor assembly have been enjoying "The Old Sante Fe Trail" by John Younghunter. An inspiring picture, "The Roughriders", hangs in the office. Our library has been made more attractive by a beautiful copy of "King Lear" by Edwin A. Abbey. The Art Room boasts of a charming picture, "The Treasure Jar", by E. I'Coue. In Mr. Meisnest's Citizenship room is a patriotic motto of stained wood which corresponds with the subject he teachers.

John Skoracky and Alois Fischl were chosen by their class to pick out the pictures and we all agree that they have very fine taste. The class of 1925 has certainly left a beautiful memorial for their class.

Have you noticed the new grey velour curtain in the auditorium? It was presented to the school by the class of 1926. The idea was suggested and voted upon before graduation. The first display of the curtain was on October 11, when the great singer, Madame Schumann-Heink, appeared in concert. Never has anything that a class has presented had so magnificent an opening presentation.

The Barn Dance

(Continued from Page 13)

"Well, I need your company on a little sojourn into distant lands, otherwise known as France, Germany, England, Spain, and a few other countries. Please say, 'Yes!' "

"Gosh! I'll say 'Yes' with a vengeance. Now I know I'll never get to sleep tonight."

"Well, you'd better," said Jean, "because I intend to get some sleep if we're going to other barn-dance tomorrow night."

Exchange

A few days ago we chartered an airplane and started on a friendly visit to some of our exchanges. As we took off, the pilot informed us that our first stop would be South Bend, Indiana. Upon reaching South Bend, we went to the high school to inspect their magazine, "The Interlude." The cover was well done and very attractive. The literary department was very good, and the exchange excellent. Kupid's Kolum was unique and interesting. A few more cartoons would have added greatly to the magazine. The jokes secured a good many laughs from us.

Our next stop was at Philadelphia. Northest High was our destination here. The Forum and Who's Who held our interest to the very end in their magazine, "The Archive." We have not yet stopped laughing at the jokes. Here also a few cartoons would have added greatly to the attractiveness of the magazine.

Our airplane now made a long jump to Grand Rapids, Michigan. We spotted Union high school before we landed. At the landing field we chartered a taxi, which took us to the high school in a jiffy. We found they had an all-around magazine in "The Unionite." "Kidding with the Kartunionites" was undoubtedly the best cartoon strip in all our exchanges. The literary and school news departments were very well done. "The Unionite" is one of our best exchanges.

From Grand Rapids we jumped to Muscatine, Iowa. "The Auroran" is the name of Muscatine high school's magazine. The editorials and the alumni department were good, and as a whole, the magazine was interesting. A few cuts would pep it up greatly.

Plainfield, New Jersey was our last visiting point. Plainfield High publishes "The Oracle." The cover was simple, but attractive. The stories were full of humor and held our interest to the last word. The jokes made us roar with laughter, and there were plenty of them too. Here, as before, a few cartoons would have added to the attractiveness of the magazine.

From Plainfield we headed for Manitowoc, and after a most interesting and enjoyable trip, reached home just in time to get our exchange department ready for our own school magazine, "The Manitou."

We shall be glad to hear again from the following friends:

"The Auroran"—Muscatine, Iowa.
"The Oracle"—Plainfield, N. J.
"The Unionite"—Grand Rapids, Michigan.
"The Archive"—Philadelphia, Penn.
"The Fortnight"—Hastings, Michigan.
"The Interlude"—South Bend, Indiana.
"The Okato"—Oconto, Wisconsin.
"The Broadcaster"—Denmark, Wisconsin.
"Ripon College Days"—Ripon, Wisconsin.
"The Main Room Mirror"—Boscobel, Wis.
"The Pulse"—Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
"The Forum"—Senn High School Chicago, Illinois.
"The Lake Breeze Weekly"—Sheboygan, Wisconsin.
"The Neshotah News"—Two Rivers, Wis.
"The Kenesaw Bugle"—Kenesau, Nebraska.
"The Genevan"—Geneva, Nebraska.
"The Talisman"—Appleton Senior High School, Appleton, Wisconsin.
"The Spartan Shield"—Huntington Park, California.
"The Mirror"—Stevens Point, Wis.
"The Xavier"—New York City.

Ye Sport Gossip

Now that
we have a Stadium
without a fence
encircling it,
or without a
squad of policemen
to keep out
"knot-hole Sports;"
I wonder
if there are
going to be
some folks
in school and out
who will take
advantage of
this fact and
be so cheap
as to put
off buying a
season ticket and
resort to
their own "cleverness"
to gain entrance?
I think not,
and hope not.

By T. C. H.

"With apologies to everyone."

PEEK A BOO

Roses are red,
Violets are blue
I can row a boat
Canoe, canoe?

"Use the word "analyze" in a sentence."
"My sister Anna says she doesn't pet, but I know analyze."

Bow: You should hear the band play "Bye-bye Blackbird." It's a joke.
Wow: What? The band, or the piece?

Professor: "Why are you always late to class?"
Stude: "Because of a sign I have to pass on my way."
Professor: "What has that to do with it?"
Stude: "Why, its says, 'School Ahead; Go Slow!' "

Fond mother said her son was very economical in his use of gas. He parked most of the time. And she wondered why they started whispering.

He: What would we do if it weren't for Edison?
She: We'd be having a good time now.

MEOW!

Kitty: "She has a very magnetic personality, hasn't she?"
Catty: "Yes. Everything she wears is charged."

FRESHIES ALL

Helene Brandt '28

I know a wee, wee freshie lass,
She has the longest curls;
They are the envy of the class,
Don't you wish you had them, girls?

Katie has the nicest friend,
"Hazel" but she's no "nut".
Their way to school together they wend;
Do they fight? No—anything but!

Then there's a freshie called "Mary" too,
The one with the golden hair.
We give credit where credit is due,
And we think she's the future, "Most fair."

He's a tall and lanky freshman lad,
But that matters not to him:
"Robert" have you ever seen him sad?
He's full of "wigor and wim."

Then there's Ivan, a handsome chap,
As nice as a freshie can be
When it comes to putting tennis on the map,
We wonder if he and Walter agree.

Then there's Johnny; athletics, me boy
Tiny, but sprightly, he fits everywhere
Basketball, baseball his life and his joy
A happy smile with never a care.

Ramona, a miss, so graceful is she;
Oh, yes, and she's brilliant, too.
As winsome and jolly a lass as can be,
Her smile oft proves our Waterloo.

They're just a few from the freshie class,
Ida, Corrine and Phil are three more,
Taken togther as a great big mass.
The freshies credit the big third floor.

In latin class the teacher asked for translation of the phrase, 'black night." Strange to say many (girls especially) thought it was spelled knight.

Dumb: Do you know Adolph, the butcher boy? Well, he just dropped sixty feet.
Dumber: Sixty feet? Did it kill him?
Dumb: No, they were pig's feet.

Chemistry Teacher: Your answer reminds me of Quebec.
Stewd: How come?
Teacher: It's only built on a bluff.

High School Teacher: What do you suppose Raleigh said to Queen Elizabeth when he laid his cloak across the mud puddle for her to walk on?
Bright Freshie: Probably, "step on it kid."

Freshie: How long do you suppose I could live without brains?
Senior. Time will tell.

"Now I've got you in my grip," hissed the villain as he threw his socks into his valise.

"How did you know I was here?"
"I heard you wringing your hands."

"If I had nine children and eight apples how could I make the apples go around?"
"Aw applesauce."

A new slogan for aviation is rumored to have been started by Colonel Mitchell: "Join the aviation and leave the earth."

She: Give a sentence with the word "justice".
He: I'd justice soon kiss you as not.

Lady (in florist shop): I'd like to see some buttercups, please.
Clerk: I'm awfully sorry, madam, but we don't have any chinaware in stock.

A cow may lives on grass, but it takes a good butcher to make both ends meat.

"That's a new one on me," said the monkey as he scratched his head.

A heart rending task is to spell the name Otto backwards.

A SCHOOL DICTIONARY

Seniors: "We're going to leave you now."
Juniors: We are it.
Sophomores: A-a-ahem
Freshies: Tee hee.
Latin: Well?
English: Oh—I passed.
French: U-not s' bad.
German: Goot.
Algebra: X equals the algebra.
Geometry: Then 2X equals the goemetry.
Biology: Alive — alive — free exhibition!
Physiology: Me.
Geeography: Columbus dis—etc.
Drafting: Draw—draw.
Art: Ah! Ze peechure she ez good.
Science: Carbon Dioxide plus—?
Chemistry: I wonder?
History: King Tut was a merry ole mutt.
Arith: F plus F equals F.
Writing: Ovals.
Cooking: Something no girl knows.

HANS PERPINVINKCEL, SR.

"I'm yust a goot old yoiman man,
Vot iss a goot repooblican,
Mine business? She is zelling clothes,
Un, how I zell dem, nobody knows."

"Mine money iss few,
Bud de pocket iss der,
I got sefen kids too,
Bud I don' care."

"I'm the shiek of the town,
I don' luf vun,
Die goils for me fall,
Bud I luf dem all.

"I'm not overtin,
'Cus I'm over fat,
Dere's viskers on my shin,
Und dat is dat.

"Ireland should be the richest country in the world."
"Why is that?"
"Her capital has been Dublin for many years."

After a Hard Day at Study

You Need Receation!

Come on Over To

DeSmidt's

Discuss the Days Work and Talk about Tomorrow

You'll be among the "Sweetest Things"

We'll be Glad To See You

DeSmidt's

Black Magic

(Continued from Page 9)

to their home. They put him on their best horse, Jerry, and sent him off, after he had thanked them the best he could. By morning he was far away at the home of his uncle.

Only two people knew what became of Henry Tarbery, and who the witch was who had frightened the guard; but they would not tell.

"Just think, every time I breathe somebody dies."

"Better try Listerine."

B. Schroeder said he felt like this after the 42-0 victory.

Mary had a little lamb
(You've heard it oft before)
Then Mary passed her plate again
And had a little more.

What's this about you and Joseph getting arrested for violating a traffic ordinance?

Yes, can you imagine it? And we were only stopping under a sign that said, "Fine for Parking."

ONLY THOSE WHO ARE POPULAR SHOULD READ THIS:

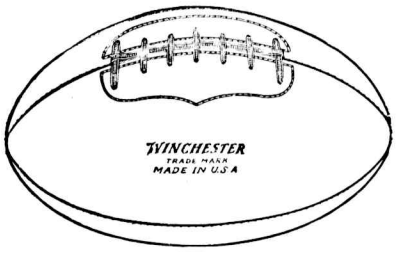
Some Conceit!!!!!!

She: "You drive awfully fast, don't you?"

He: "Yes, I hit 70 yesterday."

She: "Did you kill any of them?"

Fall Sports



Football

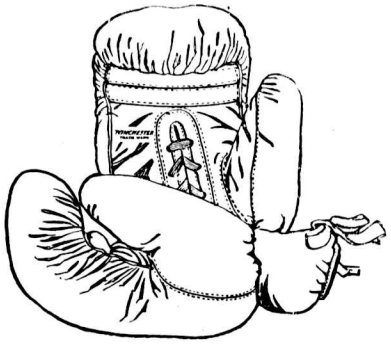
Official and regular balls from $10.50 to $1.00

SAME AS USED BY M. H. S. TEAMS

Pants, Helmets, etc.

Basket ball

Balls same as used in Little Eight Conferance $18 others down to $3.50
Complete Suits, etc.



Boxing gloves

from $15.00 per set to $3.00 per set.

Special Gym Suits

Sportsmen's Headquarters
THE WINCHESTER STORE

Sweatshirts in plain and fancy colors

J. J. STANGEL HDWE. CO.

PHONE 7

FELLOWS!

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING IN A TIE?

We have 'em

SNAPPY COLLEGE STYLES

Hoyer Bros.

"The Clothing Home of Manitowoc"

Subscribe for the

Manitowoc Pilot

Only $1.50 a Year

JOB PRINTING

816 York Street Phone 152

And didja hear that one about the lovely, little boy who, finding a suitable place to partake of his repast in our spacious cafeteria, patiently awaited a petite garconne or a charming garcon to take his order? The cafeteria soon filled up, but not our hero. After about a half hour's indecision, the exasperated young one finally marched down to Adams' in disgust.

DIFFERENT

Cary: "I was motoring with Harold last night and he had to stop once because he had lost his bearings."

Mary: "At least he was original. Most fellows run out of gas."

Read this one fast:

Once a fellow met a fellow with a bag of beans.
Said a fellow to a fellow, can a fellow tell a fellow, what a fellow means.

The football boys, of course, had to undergo a physical examination.
Peppard getting attended by a foot specialist.

The following scene was more tragic than it looked:

Prof: (Pointing to little freshman girl.) "You may go over to that group."

L. F. G. (frightened to death, starts to go, hesitates and stops) "Bu-b-b".

Prof: (in thundering tones) "Sit down!"

L. F. G. sits, but right on the lap of freshman boy and remains there too frightened to move.

Freshman Boy: You may have this seat if you will get up.

Little Freshie standing outside and looking up at the tower:

"I wonder what they have in that attic up there."

HERE'S A VALUE TO SHOOT AT

Sturdy, warm overcoats by Hart Schaffner & Marx

$33.50

It isn't a sale. It's a new value standard for the season, established by special arrangement between this store and the world's largest makers of good clothes.

Suits of similar style and quality

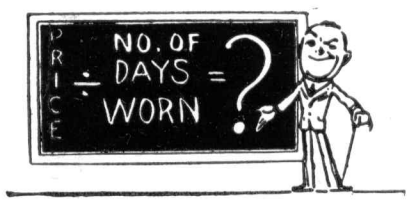
$33.50

Schuette Bros. Co.

HINRICH'S
GLYCERINE CREAM
for
Chapped Hands and Face
HENRY HINRICHS CO.
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

Get in the Game with
GOOD EQUIPMENT
You Can

J. Bigel & Sons
HOME of SPALDING GOODS



Simple Division

Our shoes answers the problems of economical footwear. Their lengthy service makes them cost less to wear than cheap shoes. And they give you more in comfort and appearance.

Henry Spoentgen
RELIABLE FOOTWEAR

MAKING GRADES, TOO

"How's your son coming along in school?"

"Pretty well. I bought him a new speedster, and he writes that he's passing "everything."

And we have with us this year the little freshie who could not find his way out, and had to stay in the building until six o'clock.

DEAD KERNELS

"Heard about the big accident?"

"No, what?"

"Car just ran over a peanut and killed two kernels."

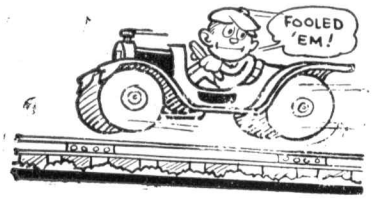
"Do you file your fingernails?"

"No, I throw mine away after I cut them off."

Artist (in barber shop). "Were you the man that cut my hair last time?"

Barber—"No. no, I don't think so. I've only worked here for a year.

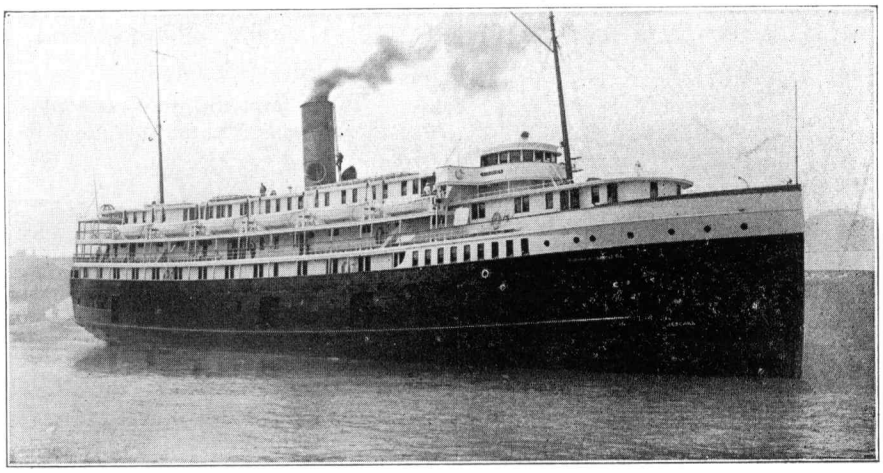
Have any of you "upper classmen" noted the way the friendly little Frosh hang on to their locker keys as if their own very dear life depended upon them? Don't laff, Seniors, 'member' way back when—?



He paced frantically up and down the room with a painful toothache. There was no one else in the room but a very old aunt.

Finally he exclaimed, "Oh. I wish to goodness people were born without teeth!"

His calm aunt replied. "A minute's thought, my dear Arthur, will show you that that is exactly what does happen."



Manitowoc and Ships

Covering a period of many years, Manitowoc and Ships have been practically synonymous. And Manitowoc Ships are not only significant of high grade, sea-worthy vessels but also carry the confidence and trust that only successful veterans enjoy.

We design and build steel passenger boats, freighters, car ferries, self unloaders, sand suckers, dredges, lighters, tugs, fireboats, dump scows, marine engines, and boilers, ship auxiliary equipment, etc.

Manitowoc Shipbuilding Corp.

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Tadych & Tome

BARBERS

316 N. 8th Street

IT'S DIFFERENT
OUR
"XTRA HEVI"
MALTED MILK
Always Good

Bernd'ts
Drug Store
819 South 8th St.

TERRIBLE BEN MCCHEW

In five heart-rending acts.

Director—Jack Nowits.

Taken from the grate pome by Clarence T. Rottmann, "Listen to Kittens Roar."

Cast:

Terrible Ben McChew.....Alton Reimers
Lady Sue .....Marjorie Vetting
Bartender Joe .....Chester Teitgen
The Stranger .....Paul Rahr

Note: "Player Piano" furnished by the Paulus Music Co.

The stranger entered with a haughty stare,
And staggered weakly to a chair,
His eyes alighted on Ben McChew,
The terrible, terrible Ben McChew.

"Have a drink," he says to McChew.
(Slowly):
Near the piano, dressed in pink, a lady
watches too,
She was to wed Ben McChew,
(Softly):
This lady known as Sue.

A hand at the hip and the lights went out,
Sounds woiser than a Dempsey bout,
Just a rip, and a loud ker-choo,
Just what had happened no one knew.

Playing the piano when the lights went on,
was terrible Ben McChew,
"Why art thou playing?" asked Lady Sue,
"Your playing to me is something new."
"Cause I've got no harp," said Ben McChew.
Now Ben McChew was black and blue,
"How didst thou?" angry Sue had said.
The stranger replied, "Hic-hic-hic-hic
I pumped 'im full of lead."
Curtain.

Directors' Note: "And they lived happily ever after."

"It's a Century" as Ralph Aastad quoted at another performance.

Patent applied for:
No. XVIXVIIIVXIVX.
Finis.
"Clarence Rottmann.

"You own your own home, don't you?"

"No, we have company most of the time."

All the
LATEST CREATIONS
in
AUTUMN WEAR

Our buyer has just returned with a select line of beautiful but moderately priced felts for fall wear.

Young Ladies Hats at
$3.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.50

You must come in and see this wonderful line of fashionable hats from leading millinery houses of Chicago and New York.

Children's Hats at
$2.00 $3.50 $2.50 $4.00

Wernecke-Meeker
Millinery

SPORTING GOODS
in stock as season demands

Wernecke-Schmitz
Hdwe. Co.

939 South 8th Street
Manitowoc, Wis.

The TOGGERY
918 Washington Street

Style Plus Clothes
for Young Men

$25 $30 $35

And now all these young students who have taken up physiology say, "Honest, cross my diaphragm" instead of the ancient, "Cross my heart." Sounds more sopristicated, don't you know!

And the class with the highest banking percentage evidently has this for a yell:
"Baseball, football, swimming in de tank,
We got money, but we put it in de bank."

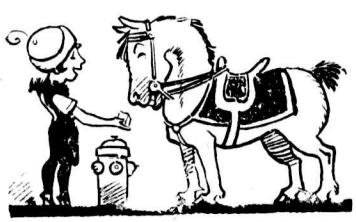
Ben: "I think I have a cold, or something in my head."
Hur: "It must be a cold."

A sign seen on the back of a ten-ton truck: "If you want to bump me, use your head."

"Why do you think you could work on a newspaper?"
"I can type with two fingers and I can swear."

Freshies here, freshies there,
Freshies, freshies everywhere.
Some so big ;some so small,
Stopping, talking in the hall.
Comes a teacher into view;
Teacher doth some trouble brew.
"To the office, sign the book."
Trembling, gasping, how they shook.
Tardy room at four o'clock
Freshies getting over shock
"No more talking in the hall"
Frightened, sober, promise all.
—H. Brandt.

This summer 'tis said M. G. M. took to horseback riding.



Manitowoc Land & Fuel Co.

Coal and Building Material

Quay Street—East of 8th Telephone 37

Every High School Student Should Keep a Loose Leaf Scrap Book

Cultivate the habit of preserving newspaper clippings, excerpts, and pamphlets and magazine articles bearing on subjects upon which at some time you may be called upon to debate or write a theme, essay or newspaper article.

Once formed, this habit becomes intensely interesting, useful and often valuable.

CAR-FERRY LOOSE LEAF NOTE BOOKS make a cheap, serviceable scrap book.

CAR-FERRY LOOSE LEAF NOTE BOOK costs 25c, and 100 heavy, cloth finished sheets punched to fit, cost 75c --$1.00 for the complete outfit.

COLORS OF PAPER: Cadet blue, stone, gray, Japan Brown, slate opaline, primrose, chocolate and terracotta

For Sale at all dealers in school supplies

SCHMIDTMAN CO.

John J. Koehler
Diamonds, Watches
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RUDOLPH
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Home Grown Flowers
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Phone 1001 Manitowoc, Wis.

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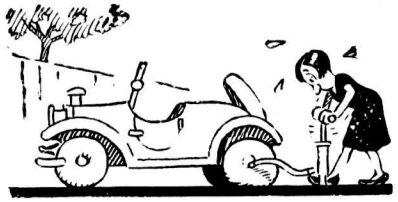
1212 Washington St.
Telephone
724 W

It is common property that Freddy S. almost had to walk home from the Kewaunee game. And if she had had a flat tire—well, wouldn't you have pitied poor Charlotte.



Whoza Mann: Would a B.B. hurt anyone if it was shot at him?

Heza Mann: Depends upon who it's shot at. If they've got some clothes on it doesn't hurt. Wouldn't hurt boys, but I don't know about girls.

Miss H.—(Teaching that the words "fear" and "afraid" may be used interchangeably.)

"You may also fear to go home."

(Hand raised.)

Miss H.—What is it? '

Bright pupil: "Oh, I don't see why you should fear to go home.

NICE TRUTHFUL LITTLE PRINTER

The following item was received for publication: "Before any damage could be done, the fire was put out by the volunteer fire department." But the new printer set up an article that read, "The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire department."

Student: What's the matter? Did you get hurt?

The Injured: No, I went to sit down on a bench last night, and it was a shadow.

Office Boy (Anxious to go to a football game): May I have the afternoon off, Sir? My grand——"

Employer: "Oh yes, I've heard that before. Your grandmother died last week."

Office Boy: "Yes, sir, but my grandfather is getting married again this afternoon."

Christmas Phonograph Club

The wonderful opportunity to secure one of the

New Orthophonic Victrolas

under our Club Plan

Visit our store, hear the different models and select the one you desire.

Models from $85.00 and up

Urbanek & Wattawa Co.

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Manitowoc's Newspaper of Service

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National Tinsel Mfg. Co.

Manitowoc, Wis.

Manufacturers of
TINSEL GOODS

When Jack Frost Knocks on the Door

A Bin Full of Our Anthracite or Bituminous

COAL

Will Keep Him Outside of the House

We handle all grades of Anthracite and Pocahontas, Hocking, Pomeroy, W. Va. Splint and Radio in the Bituminous Coals

The C. Reiss Coal Company

PHONE 20 and 126

Soph: Howdja say "pork" in Dutch?
Frosh: Spacht.
Soph: "Howdja say it in French?
Frosh: La viande de couchon.
Soph: Howdja say it in German?
Frosh: Spacht.
Soph: (exasperated): Well, howdja say it in Yiddish, then?
Frosh: Nix.

NO, SHE'S NOT DUMB

They had motored to Sheboygan.

The sweet young thing was parking her car when a nice big policeman (Yes, they have such animals in Sheboygan) asked her what the big idea was. She pointed to a sign and said, "Why, its says Safety Zone so I thought this would be the safest place I could find to park my car."

Alphabetical Goldfish:
ABCD Goldfish
LMNO Goldfish
OSAR Goldfish
OICD Goldfish

HEARD AT STUDENT'S CHUM

"Close that door. Were you raised in a barn?"

"Sure, and I feel perfectly at home in here with you."

Once upon a time there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike. One day, Pat stopped Mike on the street and said, "Mike you owe me ten dollars." And that is the first time two Irishmen named Pat and Mike without there being a joke.

Catty young thing: (to unescorted one) "And with what young shieks are you traveling around now?"

Unescorted one: "Oh, none at present. I haven't gone sucker fishing yet this year."

The First National Bank

The Bank of "Service"

All that the Name Implies

Supervised by

United States Government

OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT TODAY

Plumb & Nelson Co.

Wholesale Grocers

"Plumb Sure" **"Plu-Nel"**

"Manowis"

"Over Fifty Years of Square Dealing"

Frank Hoffman Chas. W. Hedja
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Lindstedt-Hoffman Co.

First Mortgage Loans

Real Estate

Schmitt Lumber Company

LUMBER
MILLWORK
Paper and Roofing

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

THE REASON

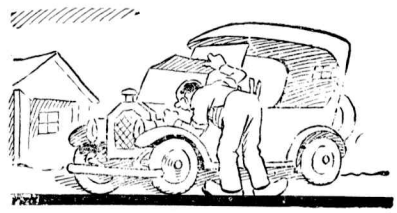
And they called him Daniel because he was such a Boone to the family.

ONE FLEATING MOMENT

Two fleas were walking across the Nabisco box. Suddenly the first flea started to flee. Said the second flea, "What's the rush?"

Answered, the fleeing flea, "Can't you see? It says, 'Tear along this line.' "

Oh, yes, and Fischl's car was in perfect running order.



Old Lady: Is this a through train?
Conductor: Yes, we're through for the day.

Cops: What's up?
Man: My hands, I was just robbed.

They say that a little bit of vinegar knows its own mother but its a wise cork that knows its own pop.

"What happened to your patent-leathers?"
"The patent expired."

Jim: I went to a corn party last night? They had corn on the cob, corn bread with corn syrup, popcorn, and corn in a jug.
Mike: Musta been regular corn meal.

Lumber: Why are you whitewashing those fallen trees ?
Jack: The order called for white pine logs.

"How do you like your new job?"
"Snap."
"Why, what do you do?"
"I sort rubber bands, Nosey."

Aluminum Specialty Company

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Prepare for Winter Blizzards NOW

and save high priced coal, besides adding to the comfort and health of your family by putting on

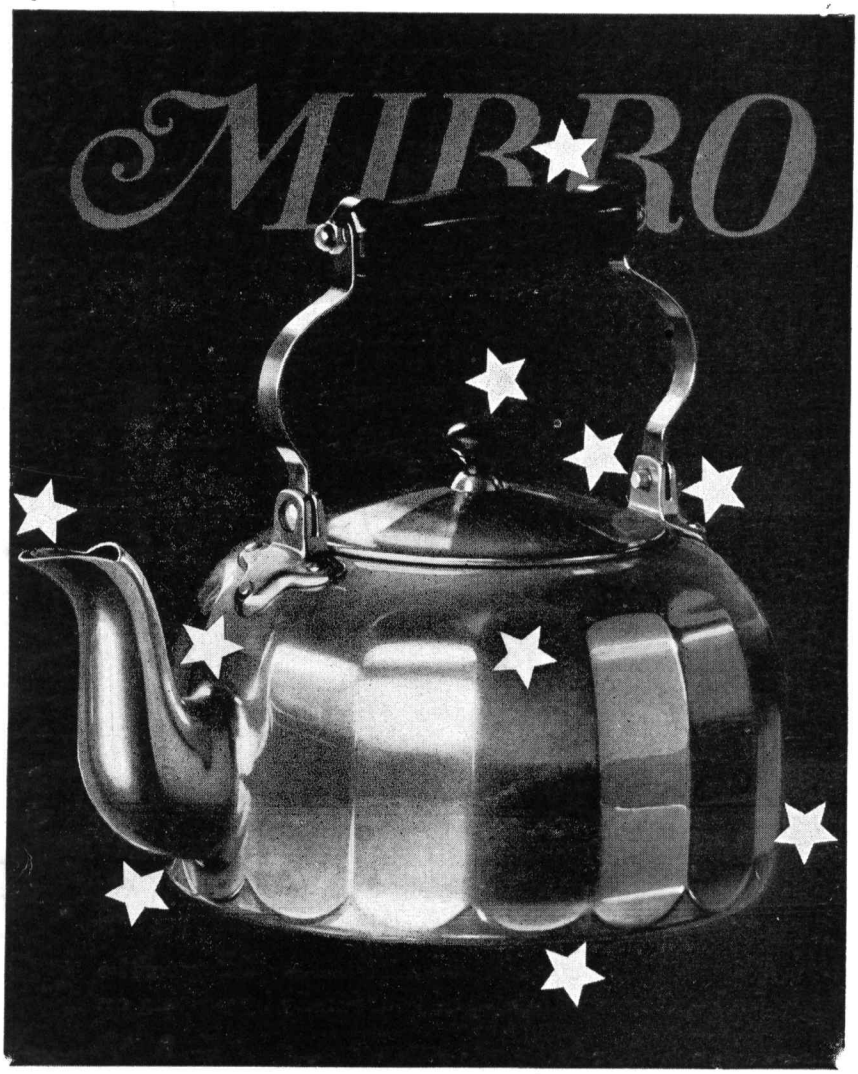
Storm Sash and Doors

Our stock of same is complete and we can make immediate deliveries. We take measurements free of charge. Phone us your order.

Manitowoc Lumber Co.

Corner 11th and Franklin **PHONE 130**

LUMBER MILL WORK WALL BOARDS



Read in the stars the solid worth and faithful serviceableness of a typical MIRRO utensil. These stars show why MIRRO lasts longer and costs less by the year. In this fine tea kettle note especially the beauty of the paneled colonial design; the thickness of metal to give longest wear; the smooth, perfect welding of the spout, inside as well as out; the spout's wide mouth for convenience in filling; and the handsome ebonized grip, firmly locked so it cannot turn.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wisconsin, U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

NOW is the TIME to have your

Christmas Photographs made

You are not as busy, and we are not as busy, as we both will be in DECEMBER.

Your friends can buy anything you can give them except YOUR PHOTOGRAPH.

The Glander Art Studio
The Portrait Studio,
Gift Shop, and Art Store

Have You These Qualities?

Men who have accomplished big things in life have usually possessed two outstanding qualities—namely, Optimism and Thrift.

What great discovery was ever undertaken without Optimism? What fortune was not grounded somewhere in it's history in Thrift?

Have you these earmarks of success? An account at this bank will help you cultivate them. Why not open one today?

* * * * * * * *

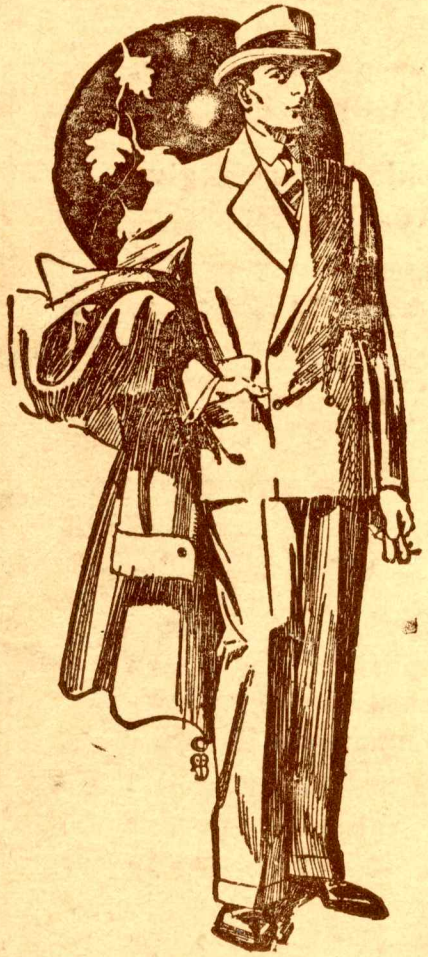
State Bank of Manitowoc

Fadeproof

MIDDISTRIPE

BLUE SERGE SUITS

$35.00



They're New for Fall

Doublebreasted

Middistripe Serge Suits

A wide choice of strikingly distinctive models—designed by an artist of national reputation—fashioned by tailors who make nothing but blue serge suits.

One grade of blue serge—the finest made—all wool—fadeproof.

One guarantee—covering anything and everything than can happen to a suit of clothes.

The most becoming, the most dignified, the most versatile suit a young man can buy.

COME IN TODAY — TRY ONE ON

O. TORRISON COMPANY

MEN'S QUALITY CLOTHES SHOP
MANITOWOC, WIS.